THE NATION

September 28, 1964 . . 35c

LIE DETECTORS

The Industry, the Technology and the Victims

Stanley Meisler

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LETTERS

New York voters

New York City

Dear Sirs: I find it difficult to comprehend the rationale behind your unseemly haste in supporting Senator Keating's bid for re-election ("Keating for Senator," Sept. 14). . . .

Your chief complaint against Kennedy is your fear that he seeks to use the Senate seat "to further his grandiose ambitions." Surely it is no novelty on the political scene for a Senatorial candidate to have higher ambitions, and do we have the right to prejudge Kennedy by assuming that his ambitions will prevent him from serving the people of New York?

Senator Keating is certainly entitled to respect for refusing to ally himself with Goldwater, but a mere disavowal doesn't entitle him to re-election. . . . Let me hasten to add that I am prepared to vote for either candidate for they are both able men. I would prefer, however, to choose between them not on the basis of personality or speculative motives, but rather on their position on such crucial issues as Cuba, Southeast Asia, strengthening the UN and the cold war generally. In the hope that they may yet accommodate me, I must accordingly reserve my decision.

Hyman Weber

New York City

Dear Sirs: I agree heartily with your support of Senator Keating. During and after the Republican Convention Senator Keating has been adamant in his stand against Goldwaterism. If Johnson carries the state and Keating is re-elected this would be the greatest repudiation of the frightful course that the Republican Party is now embarked on.

Henry H. Abrams

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your reason for approving Keating rather than Kennedy, that the latter is seeking the Senate seat to promote his own welfare rather than that of the people, is not an important distinction. Most people run for office to benefit themselves, directly or indirectly. More basic is the question of the candidate's fitness for the office and the stand taken by a candidate on issues of importance.

On the question of fitness, I refer you to your editorial of Sept. 7 in which you indicated that Kennedy, as Attorney General issued press releases designed to prejudice the trials of Hoffa and enlisted *Life* and perhaps *Look* for the publication of stories having the same purpose. An Attorney General of the United States with so little regard for the constitutional rights of a defendant is hardly the man who should be selected to make our laws. . . . Perhaps a little aging outside of government office will breed in Mr. Kennedy more humility and respect for the rights of the individual vis-à-vis the government.

Samuel B. Waterman

Where was Kennedy?

Lakeville, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I have just read Jerry DeMuth's "Freedom Moves In To Stay" (*The Nation*, Sept. 14). With every paragraph, my mind wandered to this question: "Where was the Department of Justice?" It was my understanding that Robert Kennedy was not going to rest until each and every case of violation of the recent Supreme Court ruling was investigated and prosecuted. . . .

This article is stand-up reporting. May I say as a new subscriber that I am thoroughly enjoying reading independent thinking for a change.

Mrs. Luke Leonard

Thanks to Clurman

Laconia, N.H.

Dear Sirs: Hosannas to Harold Clurman for his "A Critic's Credo" (*The Nation*, Sept 14). Myself a critic of theatre, motion pictures and books—especially books—I have tried since I reached my doubtful maturity to "be kind" as Clurman puts it and have often been accused of being cowardly. Clurman gives me a heavy cudgel with which to smite my detractors.

Cowardly indeed! Is it cowardly to respect the bleeding of the honest artist provided the blood is real and not catsup?

And the Clurman phrase, "meat or candy." Marvelous.

I would add a little to the Clurman credo. . . . Not original with me but with Goethe via *The New Humanists*. Paraphrased: (1) What was the author and/or artist attempting? (2) Did he/they succeed? (3) Was it worth doing in the first place? Sometimes the answers are no to numbers 2 and 3, sometimes yes to one, no to the other. In all cases the effort, even unsuccessful, may be more worth while than if the answers are both yes. Failure by one artist is often the forerunner of a successor's success; failure can be amusing, fun, "candy. . . ." *Alfred D. Rosenblatt*

CORRECTION

Our editorial, "Trial by Press Release" (Sept. 7), mentions certain press releases placed by Senator Wayne Morse in the *Congressional Record*. The page and issue references were incorrect: Senator Morse's material appeared in the *Record* for June 27, pp. 11245 *et seq.*

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Breakthrough in Dixie

The important news of this year's back-to-school ritual is not the misguided school boycott in New York but the relative ease with which token integration has taken place at several points in the South. Negro children trooped to school in Prince Edward County, Virginia—one of the notorious pockets of resistance. Negro children were also enrolled in non-segregated schools in Gadsden, Montgomery, Biloxi, Jackson and other communities, including two Negro students at the University of Mississippi. A Negro girl entered the previously all-white school in Carthage, in rural Leake County, former Governor Ross Barnett's boyhood home. In none of these and other instances that might be cited was any physical resistance offered. In Montgomery, Governor Wallace said not a word; "never" has suddenly become "not all at once." Yet as late as midsummer there were no intimations that any tactical change was in the offing. While it would be a mistake to conclude that Southern resistance has ceased—it has *not*—it would also be a mistake to dimiss these breakthroughs as trivial. In the view of Constance Baker Motley of the NAACP's Legal Defense Fund this is "the turning point for the Deep South."

A brief retrospect points up the significance of what has happened. When *Brown* v. *Board of Education* was decided in May, 1954, the initial reaction in the South, as *The Nation* reported, was much more favorable than might have been anticipated, but the court delayed the desegregation process for a year and when it finally began it proceeded very slowly. Early in 1956 the Dixiecrats saw a chance to turn the initial reaction to the first demonstrations—the Montgomery bus boycott began on December 1, 1955—to their personal political advantage and also to block civil rights planks and proposals at the conventions of both parties. The Dixiecrat Manifesto, it will be recalled, was issued on March 12, 1956—the day Miss Autherine Lucy was expelled from the University of Alabama. Signed by all the Dixiecrats, and including Senator Fulbright, the manifesto was designed to set in motion region-wide resistance to school desegregation. Doris Fleeson reported at the time that Senator Byrd was the "powerhouse" behind the manifesto. There was no doubt then, nor later, that "a nod from Senator Byrd" would have brought about desegregation of the public schools in Virginia (see "Byrd's 'Massive Resistance'" by Benjamin Muse, *The Nation*, September 20, 1958). If Virginia had desegregated, most of the other Southern states would have adopted the same policy. But Byrd decided to shake his head and massive resistance began.

Much has happened since then. Federal troops have been used twice to enforce court decisions, the FBI has finally been goaded into action, "freedom riders" have invaded the South, television cameras have given Alabama and Mississippi a bad image, a serious rift has developed in many communities between the business leaders and the more rabid politicians. In Mississippi, resort owners on the Gulf Coast are in active competition with Florida resorts, and "demonstrations" tend to empty motels and other resort facilities. So the word has gone out that massive resistance to school desegregation will no longer receive top-level support. This significant shift was precipitated by the nomination of Goldwater and by the President's adroit handling of the Dixiecrats. Kissing the hand of Harry Byrd, even at so tragic an occasion as his wife's funeral, is a rite that few would care to perform, but if the symbolism of the South required this humiliating obeisance on the part of the President, it was worth it.

The Gut Fighter

Electors will decide which of two men will be the next President of the United States; but they will also be deciding which of two other men will be next in line. This is not a remote supposition. In the last twenty years two men have succeeded to the Presidency through the death of the incumbent.

President Johnson gave conscientious consideration to this aspect of the election. It hardly seems possible that Senator Goldwater did likewise. He is on record as saying that one of the reasons he wanted Miller is that "he drives Johnson nuts." This would not seem to be an outstanding qualification for the Presidency. Among other reasons presumably the fact that Miller is a Catholic and an Easterner played a part, but these also have no bearing on possible developments.

For campaigning objectives, Miller has one other attribute that may have influenced Goldwater. He has been billed as a "gut fighter." That he is. A gut fighter, and a gutter fighter. He opened his campaign with a gutter attack on Humphrey, practically identifying Americans for Democratic Action as a Communist front. He impugned Mr. Johnson's integrity, his patriotism and his war record. Asked about Goldwater's record on social security on the September 13 *Meet the Press* program, Miller denied everything. The panelist read him a direct quote from *The New York Times;* Miller still denied that Goldwater had ever said he was for a voluntary social security program.

This behavior, which by itself should condemn Miller, is of a piece with his whole record. His service in Congress was wholly undistinguished and was about to come to an end—apparently Miller had concluded that he could not be re-elected. His only distinction was as a political huckster in the post of Republican National Chairman. It is the one role in which he is proficient.

Contrast this man with Humphrey. Decent, idealistic, hard-working, honest, experienced; put him alongside Miller and it hardly seems possible that the

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two are running for the same office. On foreign and domestic policy alike Humphrey is as well informed as any man in government, past or present. He has been mayor of a great city, a Senator for three terms, a stalwart on civil rights all that time, the pioneer and leading spokesman on disarmament, an authority on farm policy and labor. Even the Goldwater supporters, if they will think for a moment and visualize the two second men in the highest office, might have qualms about their choice.

Hands Across the Sea

The UN-sponsored third international conference on atomic energy has just ended in Geneva. The consensus was that the atom as a power source has arrived. It is claimed that in about 60 per cent of the United States and almost all of Britain, atomic plants can produce electric power cheaper than oil- or coal-fired plants. Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg declared that this was "the conference of fulfillment." Ah, happy day! One would expect that amid the popping of champagne corks the delegates would be looking forward to the next conference. Unfortunately the opposite is the case. Since the atom is a success, money can be made; where there is money, there are salesmen, where there are salesmen there is selling—and underselling. "The entry of commercial competition," said Dr. Seaborg, "is a strong sign of commercial arrival and I should like to think that it has not intruded too heavily on the conference." Only so heavily that this conference is probably the last.

The principal infighting was between Great Britain and the United States. Britain, of course, has committed itself more fully to atomic power than any other country; the Suez crisis of 1956 sounded the alarm on its oil supplies. But the U.S. has been making progress too, and the corridors of the Palais des Nations resounded to the appeals of the sales engineers of General Electric, Westinghouse, General Dynamics, etc. General Electric's men could, and did, point to the 515 megawatt (515,000 kilowatt) Oyster Creek plant which they have contracted to build for the Jersey Central Power & Light Co. at a cost of about $113 per kilowatt and which, it is hoped, will produce power at 4 mills per kilowatt hour.

Oyster Creek might possibly be a loss leader; equally possible, the engineers will push costs down still further. GE has in fact already offered to install in England at $100 a kilowatt. This is the capital cost of large British mine-mouth coal stations, and portends trouble for domestic vendors.

Can Britain compete? When Sir William Penny, head of the British Atomic Energy Authority, cast some doubt on the Oyster Creek figures, a representative of the United States Atomic Energy Commission took him right up on it. "If you want to test the pudding," he told Sir William, "ask for bids." The U.S. Government, eager to make the atom serve mankind, was openly backing U.S. industry against British industry, and U.S. engineering against British engineering, which has concentrated on gas-cooled reactors while the Americans use water.

It must not be thought, however, that this is purely an Anglo-American controversy. An Asian correspondent complained that the conference was not interested in bringing the blessings of the atom to the underdeveloped nations. "What is good for Westinghouse is not necessarily good for India," he argued. Maybe success has spoiled atoms for peace, but it has also spread Charles Wilson's celebrated saying around the world, albeit in slightly altered form.

The Next War

This war could be really lovely from the standpoint of those who are happy only when the world is set by the ears. So far it is confined, but the makings of a major conflict are all there. It is Sukarno's war against Malaysia, and therefore against Great Britain. If that war is extended, the United States will almost certainly be involved, and South Vietnam, in retrospect, will look like a tempest in a teapot.

In the Senate (*Congressional Record*, September 14) Wayne Morse remarked that he was one member who has taken the position that not a single dollar of the American taxpayer's money should go to Sukarno, whom he referred to as "that international rat." From a survival standpoint, however, the rat is not to be underestimated. At the outset it is to be noted that Sukarno is not easily abashed. When the Malaysians complained at the UN Security Council about the Indonesian paratroopers who had been dropping on Malaysian soil, the Indonesian deputy foreign minister did not resort to the usual pleas of innocence. In an echo of Barry Goldwater's remarks on extremism, the minister declared that "acts pursued by volunteers for the cause of freedom . . . can certainly not be termed aggression." Then he added, "Why all the fuss?"

Sukarno must have a foreign war for the classical reason: he has made a mess of things at home. The people are hungry, official graft and corruption is nowhere more flagrant, and a 200,000-man army is maintained to suppress possible insurrection. An eye must be kept on the overseas Chinese, who were partially expropriated by Sukarno a while ago. His domestic Communists are another problem. They are working with Sukarno now, but their aims and his are not apt to coincide indefinitely.

Sukarno is well armed and the initiative in this foreseeable war is all his. Sumatra is just across the Strait of Malacca from the Malay Peninsula—a matter of forty or fifty miles—and Indonesian planes can come in low, under the radar screen. To strike at Sabah and Sarawak he has merely to send his guerrillas across the border from Borneo. In short, this adventurer is not to be regarded as a mere nuisance. One commentator suggests that the U.S. Seventh Fleet would be needed to contain him if things get serious.

The stakes are large. Britain, whether under a Labour or Tory government, will defend its base at Sin-

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gapore at all costs. It is allied with Australia and New Zealand in the Commonwealth. In terms of strategic and material considerations, the area has everything—seaways, vital passages, tin, rubber, oil, spices, almost everything grows there. Even more splendid, in a manner of speaking, is the weapons-testing potential: seapower, airpower, jungle warfare, guerrillas, infiltrators, fifth columns; again, it has everything.

Yet it might be possible for the UN to forestall such a war. One of Sukarno's most likely objectives is to control the seaways and islands as part of a strategy of confining his Chinese partners to the mainland. All Southeast Asia—including North Vietnam—fears China. This would seem to be another incentive for ending the stupid U.S. venture in South Vietnam and, when opportunity offers, inviting Communist China into the UN. If our statesmen are not totally lacking in imagination, these are facts they should be considering now, not after the fat is in the fire.

Know Your Rights

Sen. John Tower is distressed. It seems that some of his constituents and supporters have been upset by an article which appeared in *The Nation* of last May 25—"Hate Clubs of the Air," by Fred J. Cook. Mr. Cook called public attention to the fact that any number of organizations, many of them tax-exempt, are propagandizing the American people on an enormous scale, largely at public expense, and in an intensely partisan manner, but always under the shelter of religion, patriotism and other impeccable cloaks. Thus, H. L. Hunt's Life Line Foundation sponsors 15-minute programs heard by 5 million listeners *per day* in forty-seven states. Twice—in 1962 and 1963—revocation of tax-exemption has been recommended on the ground that Life Line's activities are political rather than educational, but the Internal Revenue Service finds the distinction hard to draw. Another example is the Rev. Carl McIntire's *20th Century Reformation Hour*, heard daily over 600 stations. Its income in 1962 was $1,163,000; with this nice piece of change it carries on an unremitting campaign against the National Council of Churches, the nuclear test ban, the income tax, civil rights movements, etc., and every now and then sideswipes some individual—all under the head of religion.

It is a new solicitude for the good name of the individual that seems especially to exercise Mr. Tower (*Congressional Record*, Sept. 9). Some managers of radio stations have read the Cook article and given some thought to possible consequences of the material they broadcast. A number have taken to following extreme right-wing programs with some such formula as: THIS STATION VOLUNTARILY SOLICITS RESPONSIBLE DISSENTING VIEWPOINTS TO CONTROVERSIAL MATTERS DISCUSSED IN THE PRECEDING PROGRAM.

Voluntary it may be, but it may also be prudent. In an order of July 26, 1963, the Federal Communications Commission called attention to its "fairness" doctrine of June 1, 1949. Our readers will want to make a mental note of the FCC's follow-up statement:

WHEN A CONTROVERSIAL PROGRAM INVOLVES A PERSONAL ATTACK UPON AN INDIVIDUAL OR AN ORGANIZATION, THE LICENSEE MUST TRANSMIT THE TEXT OF THE BROADCAST TO THE PERSON OR GROUP ATTACKED, WHEREVER LOCATED, EITHER PRIOR TO OR AT THE TIME OF THE BROADCAST, WITH A SPECIFIC OFFER OF HIS STATION'S FACILITIES FOR AN ADEQUATE RESPONSE.

Clearly, many stations do not comply with this directive. As far as they are concerned, it is all a dead letter. Still, the FCC has set it down in rather plain English. It is good to know that if one is slandered over the air, or one's conduct or views are impugned, one has this recourse. If more citizens invoked it, Senator Tower might be even more perturbed.

Utility Stock Options

Executive 'Incentive' v. Public Interest .. Lee Metcalf

On October 5, 1959, the president of a private utility company supplemented his $75,000-a-year salary in a one-day transaction which netted him $370,000 — or more than the average American will make in his lifetime.

More important, however, are the facts that this one-day windfall will come out of the pocket of the average American, and that the utility executive may pay less federal income tax on it than the average American will pay on his much-lower lifetime earnings.

Illegal? Not a bit. The utility president's profit and tax advantage are part of a perfectly legitimate modern business "incentive" — the restricted stock option device—which is supposed to help highly competitive businesses attract and hold competent executives.

Under this deceptively simple scheme, a certain amount of stock is set aside for sale to company insiders (mostly top executives) at some later date when, it is hoped, the market value of the stock will have risen. When the time comes for the executive to exercise his option, he does not buy the stock at its current price, but at the price as of the day his option was granted. Thus he makes an automatic profit — and without risking a hair, since he has no obligation to buy the stock. If its value rises, he buys; if it doesn't, he doesn't.

There are those who contend that the stock option is perhaps a superfluous incentive for people making

Lee Metcalf is United States Senator from Montana. During the past year he has delivered a series of Senate speeches on abuses committed by private power companies.

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$75,000 a year, and I tend to agree with them. However, my concern here is not with the option in general but with its use in one of the most stable, least competitive, most profitable enterprises in America—the electric light and power industry.

In spite of the enormous sums they spend to advertise themselves as such, the privately owned companies that provide 75 per cent of the nation's electricity are not "just another business." There is a significant difference between an electric light and power company (or any private utility, for that matter) and an electronics, plastics or space-age company or any non-utility businesses for that matter. The latter compete, more or less, with other firms in the same field and run the risk of being forced to close up shop if they fail to offer a desirable product at a competitive price.

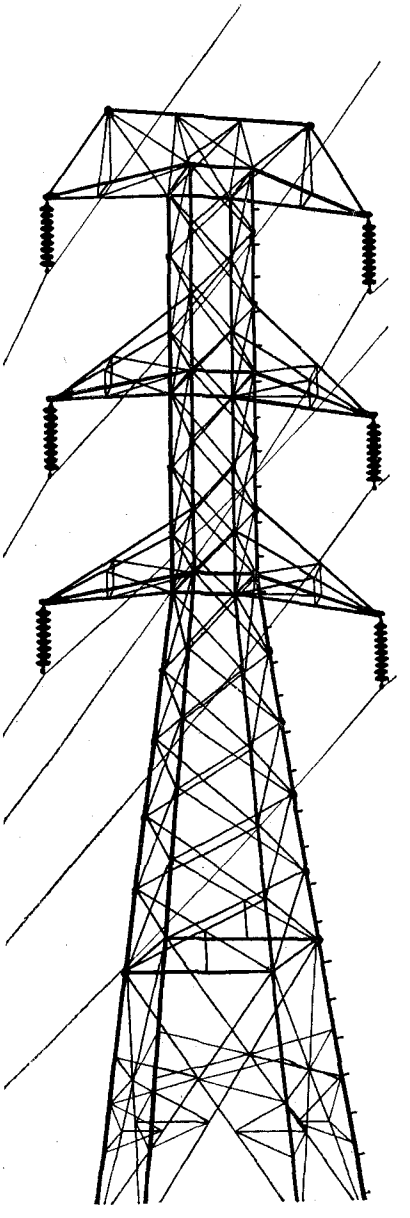
The electric light and power companies — the nation's largest industry, with about 12 per cent of the capital invested in *all* American business — have little normal competition. As "public service" companies, they operate under government franchises and enjoy the power of eminent domain and other special privileges. But most of all, they are monopolies in their communities, and therefore above the everyday fight for economic survival. Each year some 15,000 businesses go on the rocks; not a single private power company has failed in more than a generation.

Instead, the industry annually chalks up record profits — partly because of technological advances, but mainly because it is a monopoly selling a necessity for which demand is constantly increasing.

Since the industry is not competitive, and since the consumer is forced to foot the bill for company operating costs and profit, the question should be asked whether the investor-owned utilities (as they like to call themselves) or IOUs (as I prefer to call them) should be allowed to use the restricted stock option.

Option plans are increasing in the utilities. They began spreading quietly through the industry during the complacent fifties, and at last count some twenty-nine private electric companies had option plans for executives. Even had it wanted to — which it didn't during the Eisenhower administration — the Federal Power Commission could neither herald nor halt this invasion. FPC jurisdiction over security issues is severely limited to the few independent operating companies that are organized outside the states in which they operate, or that are organized and operating in states which lack a state agency authorized to police issuance of securities.

As a result, only one of the twenty-nine plans was approved by the FPC. Of the remainder, ten are part of holding-company option plans approved by the Securities and Exchange Commission, and eighteen were presumably approved by state regulatory agencies which are even more susceptible to "taming" than federal agencies and which, in some states, are little more than industry lap dogs. Only three state regulatory agencies (Maryland, Georgia and New York) have taken stands against the stock option for public utilities.



On the federal level, the SEC has considered three cases involving utility use of stock options and the FPC has considered two. Both agencies have consistently held that option plans for utilities are not prohibited by law. But although both are also specifically authorized to reject such plans on the ground that they are detrimental to the interests of stockholders and consumers, only the FPC has found any merit in this position.

The first option plan to come before the SEC was opposed by the SEC staff on this basis, among others. However, the Eisenhower-appointed commission rejected the staff position and the two subsequent plans were approved without hearings.

The precedent set by the Eisenhower commission was also followed by the New Frontier commission (four Kennedy appointees and one Eisenhower holdover) which approved the third holding-company plan.

Kennedy appointments did make a difference at the FPC, however, as was demonstrated in the Black Hills Power and Light Company case early this summer. By a 3-2 vote, the present commission rejected the company's application to set up an option plan for top executives on the ground that the plan "is not compatible with the public interest." (One hopes this decision will encourage the SEC to re-examine its position when next it considers a utility application for stock options.)

The Black Hills decision reversed the position taken by the FPC under the Eisenhower administration, which, after it had shed even the pretense of regulating electric utilities, approved—with neither hearing nor dissent—the application of Montana Power Company to issue options on 100,000 shares of stock.

That was in 1956, when the company was a New Jersey corporation operating in Montana. The authority for that issuance was to expire in June, 1959, but on May 27, 1959, the cooperative Eisenhower commission authorized the company to issue 5,693,382 additional shares to cover a three-for-one split of all the firm's stock. Neither the com-

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pany's application nor the commission's approval mentioned anything about stock under option or the June expiration date, so the 100,000 shares under option were also multiplied by three.

In addition, the company boosted the total number of shares subject to option to 750,000, or 10 per cent of its total common stock issuance — without official approval insofar as can now be determined. When the honeymoon ended with the advent of the Kennedy administration in 1961, the company escaped FPC jurisdiction over security issues by moving "home" to Montana.

The FPC now estimates that the 750,000 shares the company has under option will eventually cost $9 million in capital foregone—$9 million which will come out of the pockets of the ordinary stockholders and the company's customers.

It comes out of the ordinary stockholder's pocket because issuance of cut-rate stock to company insiders dilutes the equity of ordinary stockholders and thereby reduces their earnings per share. And it comes out of the consumer's pocket because the capital loss resulting from the sale of stock at prices far under market value tends to discourage rate reductions and encourage rate increases.

But for the favored few, the stock option is a virtual guarantee of additional riches to pile atop their already fat incomes.

Let's return, for example, to the $75,000-a-year utility executive I cited earlier. His name is J. E. Corette, president of the Montana Power Co. Montana Power stock was selling for $23.75 per share on that October day in 1959 when he exercised his insider's option to purchase 30,000 shares. Mr. Corette, however, paid less than $11.50 per share (what the stock was selling for a few years earlier when his option was granted) or a total of $342,230 for stock worth $712,500 at the time he purchased it.

Nor is this all. Montana Power stock is now selling for about $38 per share; thus Mr. Corette paid $342,230 for stock now worth $1,140,000. And to top it off, another 35,000 shares has been set aside for him to purchase at similar bargain-basement prices later on.

Mr. Corette's case is neither isolated nor extreme. For example, G. L. MacGregor, president of Texas Utilities, who has an annual salary of $92,150, and who will receive more than $33,000 a year when he retires, has also realized a windfall profit of $350,000 under the stock-option gimmick as of this writing.

Other examples could be cited, but I single out Montana and Texas because the IOUs in these states are the top contenders for the "light overcharge" championship of the United States. The rates of return for major power companies in both states is about 9 per cent — or 50 per cent more than the 6 per cent rate considered reasonable by most regulatory commissions and utility experts. Remember the Dixon-Yates controversy of ten years ago? One of the main reasons for Congressional concern at that time was the provision for a 9 per cent rate of return for that utility combine.

The absence of risk is not the only advantage in this guaranteed-profit scheme. Our tax laws contain special preferential provisions for such unearned riches. Thus, should he sell his stock bonanza, the option-rich executive would not have to pay the higher progressive rate which doctors, lawyers and other high-income Americans must pay. Instead, he would pay the much lower 25 per cent or less capital-gains rate. Or he may give some of the stock to a tax-exempt organization, in which case he is allowed to deduct, not what he paid for it, but its higher current market value.

The IOUs have based their case for the stock option on two main pillars — that the option is needed to attract and hold competent executives, and that the device provides an incentive for better management, thereby benefiting the consumer as well as the company and its shareholders.

Neither argument made much impression on the FPC majority in the Black Hills case. The first pillar was toppled with the tart observation that it "can hardly be accepted since the record shows that without stock options the company has lost no employees with a salary in excess of $7,000 per year except by death or retirement." And in answer to the argument that options stimulate better management, the FPC commented that such plans permit "executive compensation which is often irrational, erratic and unrelated to the performance of the executive," and that there is "no basis for concluding that such plans either lead to or have evolved from distinguished performance in the public interest."

As for benefiting the consumer, the industry is apparently referring to something other than the cost of electricity. For example, since 1956, when Montana Power Co. established a stock option plan "to stimulate better management," the cost of electricity for Montana home owners and businesses has increased.

The same is true for the industry as a whole. During the four-year period from 1958 through 1962, the net earnings of electric utilities increased by $543 million. Yet the net result of all rate changes during this same period was an increase of $85 million.

The industry's guideline to success, it would seem, is to pass all cost increases on to the consumer, but pocket all cost reductions. For example, as a result of technological advances, the industry can now produce twice as much electricity from a ton of coal as it could twenty years ago. You would never know it to look at your electric bill.

And nine times since World War II, Congress has granted the IOUs a tax reduction. Yet seldom have these savings been passed on to the consumer, whose light bill is set at a rate high enough to insure a profit after payment of all taxes and operating costs, including fat executive salaries, plush fringe benefits and, in some instances, well-publicized charitable contributions and unpublicized country-club memberships for executives.

The fact is that little evidence can be advanced to show that the stock option has provided any sort of incentive which benefits the consumer, but plenty can be offered to suggest that it provides an incentive to keep rates and profits so high that the market value of stock is almost certain to rise.

The FPC noted the "conflict-of-interest" danger in the Black Hills case with the comment that "the incentives under stock option plans . . . tend naturally to divert management from their responsibilities to the public and to focus their attention on maximizing prices and earnings in order to push stock quotations ever higher. . . ."

There are several other arguments against recourse to the stock

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options, not only by public utilities but by any business. For example, they fail to achieve their stated purpose insofar as the biggest option grants go to already established, fat-salaried senior executives such as Messrs. Corette and MacGregor.

Also, there is the surprising fact that stock options are far more costly to a corporation than straight salary bonuses because, unlike bonuses and salaries, option costs are not tax-deductible. For example, if Montana Power Company had given its president a $370,000 bonus instead of an option to buy 30,000 shares at half price, the company could have deducted 52 per cent, or about $192,000, from its taxes.

Why then do the IOUs cling to the stock option? First of all, why worry about taxes when they are simply passed on to the consumer? Beyond that, high salaries and bonuses stick out like sore thumbs in front of stockholders and regulatory commissions. The costs of stock options are less apparent and therefore less embarrassing.

FPC noted in the Black Hills case that not only are the actual costs "hidden from shareholders and consumers," but stock options "distort the real cost of electric utility service" because there is no practical way of including their cost in the rate formula.

Furthermore, the secrecy surrounding utility use of restricted stock options, the lack of adequate reporting on option windfalls by utility executives, and the shortage of staff in most regulatory agencies, both state and federal, cripple any attempt to determine the precise use and consequences of restricted stock-option plans.

The staff shortage is especially significant in the federal regulatory commissions. For example, during the Eisenhower years the staff of the SEC Ownership Reports Section was slashed from fourteen to seven. This section reviews ownership reports of many companies, including the power utilities.

The staff has since been upped to nine, but because of the increased number of businesses the section now has twice as many ownership reports to review as when there were fourteen on its staff. Yet this section is one of the few places where prospective investors, stockholders and rate payers can get some idea of the extent to which company insiders have utilized restricted stock options.

Similarly, the staff of the FPC is still suffering from its reduction to skeleton force during the 1950s and the Eisenhower de-emphasis of electric utility regulation. Consider, for example, the comments of the present chairman, Joseph C. Swidler, a Kennedy appointee:

> *There is small wonder that knowledge of the FPC's rate jurisdiction has not been widespread. When I became a member of the Commission it took me some time to find the Commission's electric rate staff. It turned out that it was hidden away in the Bureau of Natural Gas.*

Expansion of the FPC staff, to provide a degree of protection and information for investors and consumers, is now imperative in view of this year's Supreme Court decision in the Colton (California) case, which gives the FPC jurisdiction over wholesale power rates.

Fifty-year licenses for hydroelectric projects, granted to private power companies under the Water Power Act of 1920, will begin expiring in 1970, and Congress must have, well in advance, information to determine whether these licenses should be renewed.

The industry will do all it can to prevent appointment of consumer-oriented commissioners or additional staff at either agency. And the industry will continue to cry that it is the body and soul of competitive American free enterprise, and that all businesses pass taxes and operating costs on to the consumer. However, it must be repeated that competition limits what other businesses can pass on.

No one denies that the electric light and power industry faces competition of a sort. For example, it faces limited competition from the gas utilities (also monopolies, and in many instances incorporated in the same firm as the electric monopoly) which offer a product that is just as good as electricity for some purposes, such as cooking. But there is little danger that gas will replace electricity as the means of lighting the nation's homes and streets or powering its industry.

Further, the few public-owned municipal power systems, the rural cooperatives and the federal power program also might be considered competitors in that they serve as yardsticks against which private power operations and rates can be measured.

But even such remote competition as this is obnoxious to the private-power industry. It has mounted a multimillion-dollar propaganda campaign—paid for in part by electric consumers—against these other suppliers of electric power, and it regularly contributes money and executive leadership to a host of right-wing organizations which attack public power—as well as the income tax, aid to education, civil rights and the United Nations—as part of the Communist conspiracy.

Yet despite these quasi-competitors, the fact remains that the electric light and power industry is delightfully different as it perches on a luxurious tax shelter far above the battle for economic survival in which ordinary businesses engage.

The British Elections . . . . . Raymond Williams

London

The question in the October 15th British elections is not only who is going to win (though that, in my opinion, is still a real question), but which road Labour will take if it gets its expected victory.

The strength and weakness of the British Labour Party is that it is based, ultimately, on a traditional way of life, with ties and values that are almost prepolitical. It is always expected to disintegrate in defeat, but it is not of that kind; its whole structure of feeling has been shaped by the persistent separatism and self-sufficiency of English working-class and nonconformist

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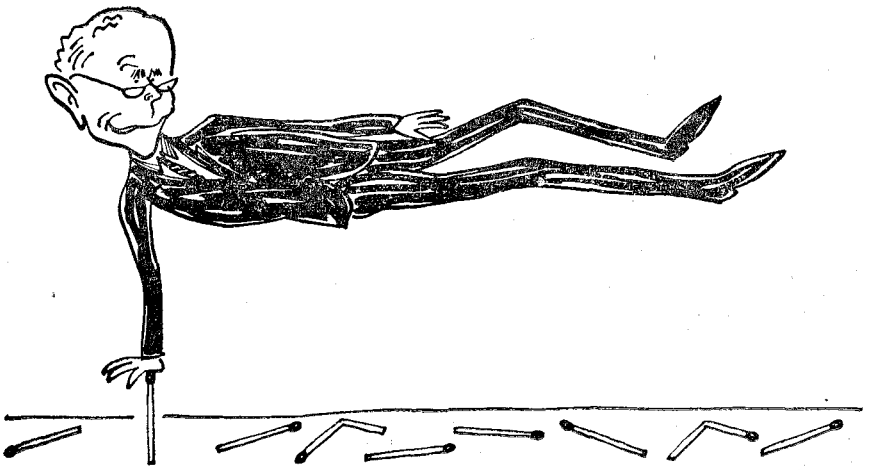
traditions. Its rare occasions of victory are always the sharpest test, for it has only intermittently conceived, in any depth, the diffusion of its own values through a whole society. We who have grown up in this world of persistence and continuity want Labour to win at its public tests in the way we want our home town or county to win in a game. These are our people, and the victory is in a sense its own reward, just as defeat may cause us regret but could not even possibly change our allegiance. When a particular test approaches, we get ready to help and to cheer, and what would be recognized elsewhere as political issues are overlaid by a social demonstration.

The extraordinary success of Harold Wilson as Labour's leader is in part due to his tactical skill, but is much more due, in my opinion, to his understanding of this characteristic of the Labour movement. In his life and background he is so much a part of it that his leadership has come through as natural and unforced. It was not only Hugh Gaitskell's opinions that made the Left angry; it was also his style. When I hear my friends at Cambridge reject Wilson as a man (this is very widespread among middle-class intellectuals of generally Left sympathies), I have only to remember how deeply they also reject the ordinary ways and values of English working and lower-middle-class people.

It is just because I know and feel the strength of all this, however, that I am politically disturbed. The pre-political values will have to become political over a vast range of issues, and while of course the Labour Party can produce its policies and its pamphlets on demand, the level of consciousness with which it stands on the edge of power seems dangerously low.

The most significant example is the common slogan of "modernizing" Britain (see "British Elections: Gentlemen vs. Experts" by Robert Presthus, *The Nation*, May 11, 1964). In the past few years a spate of books has diagnosed the evident crisis of British society as primarily a case of being insular and behind the times. There is indeed plenty of evidence of this kind, but its interpretation is usually naive. Talk of modernization makes sense only in the context of a genuine analysis of the structure of the society. We could have a program of modernization which would break down old trade-union and Socialist attitudes, the time wasting inherent in democratic procedures, and the traditional subjection of economic policies to a moral test.



The Observer (London)

"The Economy Has Never Been Stronger"

Just such a program has been widely urged by the Right in England; especially often, perhaps, by American and American-influenced observers whose definition of what is old-fashioned in Britain is what is not like the United States. The recent tone of the Conservative government has been wholly modernizing in this sense. We have not for some years seen the Conservatism of the empire, the gentleman and the Christian and classical pieties. Effective Conservatism, in theory and practice, has idolized the superadministrator, the salesman, the speculator; the institutions it will leave as a legacy are the supermarket, the betting shop, commercial television and the motorway beside the closed railway.

Classically, the whole modernization program is the bourgeois attack on all institutions and habits of mind that limit or hinder the aggressive and expanding operations of the market which is seen as the only important social process. It is true that Britain has suffered economically because many of its institutions and habits of mind have worked against an efficient market economy. However, the crucial fact about Britain is that, while some of these habits and institutions are pre-bourgeois (the vestiges and illusions of a rural gentry, which new classes have adopted as their own superficial life style), at least as many are post-bourgeois, are the politicial and moral criticisms of a market society, and the necessary bases of a more rational and more humane society of the future.

An indiscriminate rejection of these traditional bearings is now the mark of a particular stage of European capitalism, and it is this operation—perfectly embodied in contemporary Conservatism—which is or ought to be the Labour Party's principal enemy. When, in the rhetoric of the period, Labour itself adopts "modernization" as a sufficient social policy, it becomes not the party of the working class but the party of the latest wave of middle-class reorganization.

The essential argument is not about modernization at all. The Labour and Conservative Parties both recommend such policies. The argument is not even about planning, which again to a considerable extent has been accepted by both parties. The argument really is about power, about the places and ways in which decisions are made. Here, undoubtedly, Labour's emphasis is marginally different.

Effective power in Britain is now shared between the machinery of state (ministers and civil servants and public authorities rather than Parliament) and the very similar machinery of large private corporations. There can be little doubt that a Labour government would alter the proportions within this balance of power: state initiative, direction and control, already quite powerful, would become marginally and perhaps significantly more dominant. But just as the current political

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choice is not (as Conservative propaganda would have it) between state control and free enterprise, which are already in harness, so it is not (as Labour propaganda would have it) between the whims of speculators and an overriding social purpose.

Labour proposes important controls on land use and on regional development; these would be the areas in which the balance of power would shift. The renationalization of steel and of road haulage, to which Labour is committed, would make a further important difference. But the effective area of power in Britain would still be that of the combination of state and corporation machinery. It is probable that, revised in the ways Labour proposes, this combination would become more efficient, and the economy would gradually be strengthened. But when this is represented as "making a new Britain," one can only comment that the new will work essentially like the old: a change of body work, but not a change of motive power.

Over the last seven or eight years, it has been the principal business of the New Left in Britain to criticize this kind of society, but the part of its critique that has been most widely taken up is that on culture and education. Thus criticism of advertising is now a political commonplace, and if Labour wins, some measures of control and, better, some alternatives (such as local public advisory centers on commodities and services) may well be put into practice. Yet as long as this is seen as a marginal question, the point of disillusion will soon be reached. If a predominantly market economy is retained (as all signs indicate), advertising will have to be retained on very much its present scale, and the "moral" controls on it may well become the next target for "modernization." The capitalist control of communications may also be marginally acted upon: a second commercial television network may be rejected in favor of a public educational network (this will be an early test case); there may well be an increase in public patronage of the arts. But, again, the predominantly commercial character of communications, arts and entertainment is unlikely to be challenged. The whole cultural critique, that is to say, has been accepted as marginal when in fact, because it is inextricably connected with the general structure of the society, it is central. A marginal response to it may well bring about a cultural style in government, without altering the main facts to any important degree.

The case of education is equally crucial. Labour's arguments have emphasized a reconversion of the educational system to fit the new economy. It is true that we need a greatly improved technical education, and facilities for technical training and retraining. But what we have most needed, for generations, is a democratic educational system, in which training for work is only a part of the wider education needed by men and women who are to participate in governing their society.

The educational reforms, that is to say, could be no more than a phase of the market reconversion of received institutions. In this, as in so many other spheres of its policy, the Labour Party seems in one light not the party of the working majority, but the party of the latest wave of the rising commercial and technical middle class. Whether in fact there will be any final identity of interest between this wave and the organized workers will be the crucial social question.

It is precisely here that the real issue of power will be answered. For it is not only a matter of abstract social analysis; the resolution will begin, almost immediately, over a whole range of specific questions. The trade unions will be required to enter the political field if a Labour policy is to be carried out; on wages and prices, on regional planning, on automation and retraining. It is possible that on such matters Labour will try to set a spurious "national" interest above the interests of the unions. There can be no such separation. The unions can no longer defend their members, in a period of technological and regional reorganization, by piecemeal measures. If they are forced into this merely delaying action, it will be the Labour government's fault. The question is whether Labour will bring in the unions at the earliest possible stage of planning, and as much more than the representatives of a "sectional" interest. The demand for redistribution of the industrial product and for industrial democracy, from the board room to the shop floor, is not a sectional demand; it is an expression of principles and objectives for the whole society.

Since 1926, the unions have tended to withdraw from these general and absolute demands, in favor of a defensive particularism. But they are bound to do so, if the power in state and industry is always on the other side. Their position will not be changed by consultation; it can be changed only by their inclusion in the original decision making, as the organs of majority economic power. There they can take part in reshaping the economy, rather than merely reacting to it.

On every issue, a crucial and common choice reveals itself. Even to do as much as it proposes, Labour will have to fight hard against existing interests, and it has been characteristic of all previous Labour governments that they have done enough to mobilize these interests against them and yet not enough to win. A decisive time will come, again, when the choice between going on and "consolidating" will have to be made: a choice really of which side Labour is on. I think there is a real chance, this time, that the choice will be to go on, but to put it as higher than a chance would be merely utopian.

In domestic policy, the attitude of the unions will almost certainly be crucial, but the most decisive element will probably not be a matter of domestic policy at all. Britain's foreign and military policy, over the last eighteen years, has been at once economically crippling and politically stultifying. Labour's plans for new initiatives in disarmament negotiations, especially its proposals on disengagement, could be the means of a decisive political change. Yet whether there will be either the strength or the courage to press them remains to be seen. Labour's attitude to the United Nations is a clear advance on all recent Conservative history, but on the other side of the coin too many Labour leaders still accept the "Western" version of social conflicts in the colonial and ex-colonial countries. And the way the decisions go in the international field is certain to affect decisively the whole substance of Labour policy in this crowded, exposed and still imperially nostalgic island.

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I expect the New Left to continue its criticism if Labour wins, and in the decisive matter of foreign and military policy, the Left is still active and powerful (the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, despite an obviously concerted publicity operation against it, is still very much alive). Our first active work will be not only to try to get Labour elected in what will probably be a very rough campaign, but to go on sustaining it against a very heavy counterattack. And then, while one is engaged in this struggle (which the intellectuals of the forties simply abandoned), there is the deeply urgent work of trying to keep active all those forces in the Labour movement which are capable of putting through real and important social change.

The Labour Party has often been ideologically captured by the strains of utilitarianism and corporate bureaucracy which the English middle classes have made dominant in Britain. The New Left seeks to express and articulate, in contemporary terms, an alternate consciousness of society which the institutions of the Labour movement at once embody and, under the pressures of so hostile a society, often temporarily forget or betray. The experience, the writing and the thinking of the last ten years have made some difference. How much we shall find out only in practice.

The Olympics: Myth of the Amateur.. David Cort

The dialectics of amateurism, which still dominate the 1964 Olympics almost seventy years after the first modern Olympics in 1896, are almost certain to be doomed before the 1968 Olympics roll around, although the International Olympic Committee does not know it.

The Russians have broken the enchantment. Their athletes, and many others of the ninety-some nations taking part in this year's contests, which open in Tokyo on October 10, are in effect well-paid state officials. Is this bad? Well, the Olympic athletes of the ancient Greek city-states were also state-supported and had official status. The impossibility of explaining Western amateurism to the Communists—or indeed to most of the new nations—can be easily demonstrated.

In 1896, "amateur" meant "gentleman," i.e., the athletic son of a well-to-do father. This was a fairly new idea for America, brought uneasily from England for the benefit of the new rich. Behind it was the belief that a man in a top hat with a cane could intimidate a number of muscle-bound "toughs," and such successes did actually occur. Popular fiction, and even more substantial fiction, agreed that the gentleman was the better man.

Along with the gentleman, the gentleman's sports also had to be imported from England, and the date was as late as 1890. The 2,500-year-old game of polo, supposed ancestor of hockey, hurling, golf, cricket and perhaps baseball, arrived with golf around that year. Lawn tennis had preceded them by fifteen years, though the various indoor forms of tennis and racquets had long been played by a few rich men. The new American gentry hastily mastered the unfamiliar games and were beating the English by 1910. The gentleman was in command, though the whisper ran that the best British polo teams in India were regularly beaten by teams of Indian grooms, and ex-caddies began winning the golf tournaments.

The swank of the gentleman athletes was truly awesome; a ten-goal polo player had the status of a J. P. Morgan at such clubs as the Meadowbrook and Rockaway Hunting. In October, 1895, a track meet between Yale and Cambridge (won by the Americans 8-3) was followed by a dinner at Sherry's in Manhattan attended by such as the Duke of Marlborough, Chauncey Depew, John Jacob Astor and W. C. Whitney. The athletes' performance on the field does not seem impressive today. For one thing the English had been sick, nobody knew why. Still, everybody was a gentleman, and treated like one.

The most valid objection to restricting sports to the sons of rich fathers is that very few of them are any good. A Foxhall Keene was the rare exception. His father could put up a $100,000 wager, in ten parts, that his son could beat any amateur in the world at ten sports, without getting a taker. Foxy himself looks in his polo pictures to be a recessive, quiet-seeming young man among the bucks of the period. Another real athlete was Devereux Milburn, who had more of a flair for the expected arrogance. But such men were pitifully few in that period and class.

Everybody knows what happened to the myth, but the amateurism in which the Olympics began has continued to support on empty air the vast reality of the Olympics. Largely responsible for it is Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee for the past twelve years, a man strictly not Ivy League (Illinois, '09) and with a bourgeois' typical awe of the old pseudo-aristocratic optimacy, growing more rigid as his own athletic career recedes in time.

In contrast to the obsolete gentleman-amateur, the true champion is the man who, as the sports writers love to say, has "class." The fact is that sports writers, not to speak of the general spectator public, do not know what "class" is, for the knowledge would humiliate the average man. Kings Richard I and Henry VIII of England, and Henri II of France, had in their day the identical reputation of Willie Mays or Y. A. Tittle, and may even have deserved it.

In this area it is nice to begin with the natural equipment suitable to the chosen sport—eyesight, reflexes, size, etc.—but it is not necessary and it is not enough. The true athlete has a vision, carnally comparable to the poet's or the ascetic's, of the impossible absolute which (e.g., the four-minute mile) he turns into a relative possibility. This impossible absolute must be torn out of his own mortal, imperfect, hurting body. When the pain becomes really acute, he knows he

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The Louvre; Paris

is getting close to possibility. Even so common a performance as scooping up a ground ball and throwing to first base is not "routine." The players who make routine plays make the inexcusable errors; the ones who try for the impossible make the heroic errors.

The years of training, self-denial and repetition of a few simple movements put the impossible far beyond the reach of anyone who gets bored easily, or gets bored at all. The true athlete accepts the pain and monotony, not because he is a masochist but because he sees the vision of a performance some way above his natural abilities, or the abilities of any previous performer. A little later, perhaps, he breaks a world record. Such are the men and women who set the records. Once they have committed themselves to the impossible, they are professionals. They have, so to speak, professed.

The officials who police amateurism, at least in the West, do not live in the same world as the athletes they police. A monumental expression of the official position is Avery Brundage's statement: "Sport must be amateur or it is not sport. Sports played professionally are entertainment."

In other words, if there is an entertained audience, it is not sport. Since the Tokyo Olympics will entertain an audience of a billion (a TV satellite is over the Pacific), this cannot be what Brundage means. Brundage himself must be entertained, or he would not have hung around this long, I hope.

Brundage must have meant something else: that an athlete becomes an actor and no gentleman if people pay to see him perform. In some sports that is true: wrestling, and some individuals in boxing, basketball, hockey, tennis. But Brundage fails to understand that the champion so-called professional has exactly the same vision as the champion so-called amateur, and that it is what chiefly motivates him. The differences in income, security, fame, etc., are strictly secondary. Both give the last full measure of devotion, from an instinct which is incomprehensible to the rest of us.

Actually a slight breeze is beginning to stir the veils of the gentleman-amateur illusion. The director-general of UNESCO, René Maheu, told the International Council of Sport and Physical Education in Paris, October 28, 1963: "It is no longer true . . . that the champion can emerge, train, establish himself and give the full measure of his potentialities—which is properly not only his individual vocation but also his role in society—in that state of independence of, and indifference to, the economic contingencies—or rather necessities—of ordinary life which confers what is called amateur status. . . . To try to make amateur status obligatory for the elite of the sports world means . . . imposing falsehood on that elite. . . . Why should we be so reluctant to admit that [the champion athlete] is a professional? . . . We deny the obvious fact that the champion is obliged to live the life of a professional athlete."

Well, not quite. For one example, the sordid winter jobs of the great athlete, Althea Gibson, will suffice to make a cruel comedian of Avery Brundage. The same pattern, inconceivable to Foxhall Keene and Devereux Milburn, is perennial. The smell of a classic evil must arise from Avery Brundage's shepherding of these sacrificial innocents while peeking in their purses. For "the elite of the sports world" referred to by the director-general is not the champion athlete; it is in fact Brundage. The reasoning is simple: Brundage eats better, and he has tenure.

Some of the mystique of the champion athlete was given, at this same International Council, by Roger Bannister of the first four-minute mile. One can somehow evade, he said, the challenges of ordinary life but not those of sport. In consequence, "sport leads to the most remarkable self-discovery, of limitations as well as of abilities. This discovery is partly physical—one learns, for example, that feeling tired does not mean that one is reaching the limit of exhaustion. But mainly the discovery is mental. . . ." One's limitations, one's abilities, the capacity to take the pain, the courage, the elements of the body, the warning of exhaustion: to know these is to have a very respectable philosophy which will

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not disappear at the first questioning. Such a philosophy has the added virtue that one need never mention having it.

It is significant that the athletes of competing nations, far from hating one another, tend to become firm friends, and sometimes intermarry. Bannister says that these friendships have "a curious permanence." And of course. For they are all members of a secret society, open to anybody, but in fact irrevocably closed to the sluggish mass of people who will never make the effort, the dead weight of the world, including myself.

The separation of this noble society into amateurs and professionals — according to their business life — is an irrelevancy inherited from a past it is difficult even to remember. The rich-man's-son theory of amateurism was an aberration; it has long been obsolete; and even in its best years it did not work. Today it moves into the farther reaches of satire as it is applied to the social systems of the ninety-some nations in the Tokyo Olympics. Where are the Communist gentlemen of Byelorussia or of Uzbekistan, the gentlemen of Upper Volta, the gentlemen of Malaysia, or Trinidad and Tobago? Not to speak of the ladies.

Whatever their social or financial status, their dedication to their sport is not changed if they appear in circuses or work for athletic clubs or join the army or take a college scholarship or sell their gold medals or accept expense allowances or sign ghosted articles or make paid TV appearances or take Chamber of Commerce or Kiwanis sinecures or, even, play professional hockey or football or baseball. Whatever Devereux Milburn might have thought of them, or Avery Brundage does, they are athletes.

A true amateur appearing today would have to be a dilettante practicing in his back yard or, as some of the girl swimmers actually are, a child. But even these latter soon know that they are professionals.

Lie Detectors

TRIAL BY GADGET . . . . . Stanley Meisler

The first lie detector, employed centuries ago, was a handful of rice dropped into the mouth of a suspect. If the rice stayed dry while he answered questions, he clearly was a liar — exposed under the questionable theory that a liar's salivary glands would dry up when gripped by fear. The lie detector used most commonly today is far more sophisticated. Developed by the psychologist and criminologist Leonard Keeler almost forty years ago, it comprises a pneumatic tube that fits across a subject's chest to measure breathing, an inflatable rubber cuff that wraps around the arm to measure blood pressure and a pair of electrodes that touch the fingers and, by the flow of current, measure the dampness of the palm. These instuments activate pens that draw wiggles and waves on a rolling sheet of paper — a process that gives the lie detector its modern name, polygraph, Greek for "many writings." In theory, an examiner can look at the chart, note any unusual wiggles and waves, and nab his man. This polygraph, obviously more complicated than a few grains of rice, is also touted as more accurate. In truth, it is not.

In America, the polygraph has become big business and a fixed part of the national consciousness. Local police officers, tired of more disagreeable and fatiguing methods of questioning, use lie detectors on the husband who glibly announces that he was upstairs snoozing when someone downstairs whacked his wife's head with a bat. Politicians deny they are scalawags and scoundrels and then offer to take a lie-detector test to prove it. Big stores use lie detectors to discover whether prospective employees are, ever have been or ever will be pilferers, perverts or pinkos.

The federal government is devoted to polygraphs. A recent survey by the House Subcommittee on Government Operations, headed by Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.) revealed that nineteen federal agencies use them. Two of these — the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency — characteristically classify their use of polygraphs. The other seventeen, according to the report, gave 19,122 lie-detector tests in fiscal 1963. The federal government in that same year owned 512 lie detectors worth $428,066, and had 639 employees, paid $4.3 million a year, who were trained, in some fashion, to operate them. In addition, federal agencies employed private investigators to conduct 322 tests during the year. The government uses the polygraph for many reasons: to investigate leaks of information and other security cases; to question Vietcong guerrillas captured in Vietnam; to investigate crimes at military bases, post offices and other federal jurisdictions; and to screen applicants for federal jobs. A year ago, the Federal Aviation Agency hoped to adopt some simple device to detect bomb-carrying passengers. Under the plan, a passenger would check his baggage at the airline counter, put his hand on a lie detector, and swear he had no bomb. The FAA, however, dropped the plan when no manufacturer could meet the specifications. There have been more extreme proposals for government use of the polygraph. A Rand Corporation study several years ago suggested that they might be used to police an arms-control agreement with the Russians. The U.S. would periodically examine high Russian officials with lie detectors to make certain that they were living up to the agreement.

No thorough survey has been made on the prevalence of lie detectors in state and local government and in private business, but it must greatly exceed the use within the federal government. There are now 500 lie-detector firms, employing 1,000 to 1,500 polygraph examiners, who question subjects at a cost of about $35 a test. *Business Week* says that 80 per cent of their income comes from business firms that want to know if their employees or prospective employees are honest. The income of one of the major security firms, John E.

Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

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Reid & Associates, increased 26 per cent in 1960. Other figures give some hint of the money in lie detection: the two chief manufacturers, the Stoelting Company and Associated Research, both of Chicago, charge from $900 to $1,800 for a polygraph. At least three private schools train operators. A typical one, Cleve Backster's School of Lie Detection in New York, charges $500 for its six-week course.

The polygraph industry has developed a scientific veneer and a jargon. The operators belong to the American Academy of Polygraph Examiners, the Academy for Scientific Interrogation and the National Board of Polygraph Examiners; in a handful of states they are licensed. They talk about "peak of tension" tests and "control type" questions and "preventive security," and they boast, as George Lindberg of John E. Reid & Associates did in testimony before the Moss subcommittee, "we can make decisions in better than 90 per cent of the cases tested . . . [with] an accuracy capability of less than 1 per cent error. . . ."

The obsession of lie detectives with scientific language emerges in an exchange during the Moss subcommittee hearings — hearings, incidentally, that revealed more about the practice of lie detection in America than had ever been put on the public record:

Moss: Those questions are developed by the operator?

Cleve Backster: By the examiner, sir.

Moss: The examiner. Is he different than the operator?

Backster: He certainly is.

Moss: Always?

Backster: Yes, in our language he is.

Moss: . . . In your own personal experience in the type of schooling that you provide and that you recommended here today, is there a difference?

Backster: Yes, sir; because when a person says operator it costs him 10 cents each time at our school.

Moss: Are we in a matter of personal pride or are we in a matter of semantics?

Backster: We are in a matter of standard phraseology used in a highly refined field.

The lie-detector experts have developed a complex system of questioning designed to exclude the possibility that the wiggles and waves on a chart could come from honest jitters instead of guilt. The examiner includes a control question designed to elicit some guilt feelings from a person who is telling the truth on the really important question. If a person's emotions produce physiological excitement on the control question but not on the hot question, he is normal and innocent. If, on the other hand, his emotions spark on the hot question but not on the control question, he must be lying. This theory was discussed at length with Backster at the subcommittee hearings:

Backster: That [the control question] would be such as "during the first 18 years of your life, do you remember ever doing something to hurt somebody who trusted you?"

Rep. Henry S. Reuss (D., Wis.): . . . Then you get a little upward squiggle of the needle at that point, and you are thus inferring that the fellow must be leveling with you because he gets a little perturbation because, as you know, he must have done something to hurt somebody who loved him?

Backster: Sir, we expected him to respond to that particular question if he were not wrong on the relevant question. His psychological perception set if he were wrong on the target issue [*i.e., a liar*] . . . would be aimed toward that which could hurt him most and he would go right by the [control question] . . . showing no significant response. This is a verified principle and validated.

Reuss: Where did you get this great truth from?

Backster: Mr. John Reid [the Chicago polygraph expert] is the one who got the initial great truth regarding this, and I am very happy for it because it was the first breakthrough in lie detection for years.

Fred E. Inbau of the Northwestern University School of Law, coauthor with Reid of the standard text in the polygraph field, defended this "great truth" and others like it by analogy. He reminded the subcommittee: "At one time it was said that the bumblebee according to the laws of aerodynamics should not be able to fly, but the bumblebee hadn't heard about this and went ahead flying anyway."

But logic like this has not impressed Congress. "I have yet to see any convincing evidence," said Representative Reuss, "that the so-called lie detector is of any legitimate use at all other than in its psychological effects on the subject, and this could be done with a box and some whirring noises and lights quite as well. . . ." Reuss examined the Inbau and Reid statistics closely and discovered that, although the two polygraph experts claimed an error of only 1 per cent, they could verify only 18.9 per cent of their cases.

The fact is that no experimental research has been done to prove that lie detectors work or that they don't. Dr. John I. Lacey, a psychophysiologist at Antioch College, told the subcommittee that "the field of lie detection has . . . developed outside of the confines of any of the recognized scientific disciplines." After an exhaustive study for the Department of Defense two years ago, Dr. Jesse Orlansky of the Institute for Defense Analyses wrote: "Although the polygraph enjoys wide usage, we are not able to estimate its value. It is possible that the regard in which it is held is due largely to the ability of the examiners to conduct effective interviews and only slightly to the polygraph instrument itself; or the reverse. We do not know." Ironically, the Department of Defense, one of the federal government's most prolific users of lie detectors, received the report, classified it and then ignored it. Moss subcommittee investigators later uncovered it.

Some doubt has also fallen upon the instrument itself. It may not be as technically sophisticated as some polygraph experts pretend. Dr. Lacey, for example, described it as "a fairly crude piece of instrumentation." He said the manufacturers have made "no attempt to take advantage of the many, many things we have learned in the past two decades about the recording of physiological responses . . . the nature of the examiner-examinee interaction . . . new methods of display, new methods of computation." And a recent article in the *Harvard Business Review* concluded that the polygraph can be unreliable unless the operator takes into account room temperature, humidity, time of day, air content and the recent activities of the subject.

While the polygraph industry's claims to high science have been shattered by the available psychiatric and physiological evidence, the instrument does seem to have a limited value. The scientists who testified before the subcommittee agreed that polygraphs work bet-

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ter than chance—perhaps with 70 per cent accuracy — and, in the hands of trained and competent operators, could turn up useful clues for further investigation.

But very few polygraph operators have the competence and training. "There are a number of individuals," Dr. Joseph F. Kubis, a Fordham University psychologist, told the subcommittee, "who buy these instruments, do not take any training, set up, as it were, a shingle, and operate with this instrument. . . . There are more of them than we can see and identify." Even Professor Inbau admitted that 80 per cent of the operators are insufficiently trained.

In a field so unsupervised, the Moss subcommittee had difficulty finding out just how much training a polygraph examiner required. "The more training the better, obviously," said Dr. Martin L. Orne, Harvard psychiatrist. "But there would be no point in saying that you should have only Ph.D. psychologists. They are not available." But in general the scientists who testified tended to see a need for far more training than did the representatives of the polygraph industry. Dr. Kubis thought that operators should have a minimum of six months' training in use of the machine and then a year of further experience interpreting the results. Dr. Lacey said he could discuss standards only by describing the background of those who read the physiological machines in his laboratories. Nurses, X-ray technicians and college graduates, he testified, were allowed to operate the machines in his lab after at least six months' training. But he went on, "I am not comfortable leaving them alone . . . for the complete interpretation of a set of data . . . in three years."

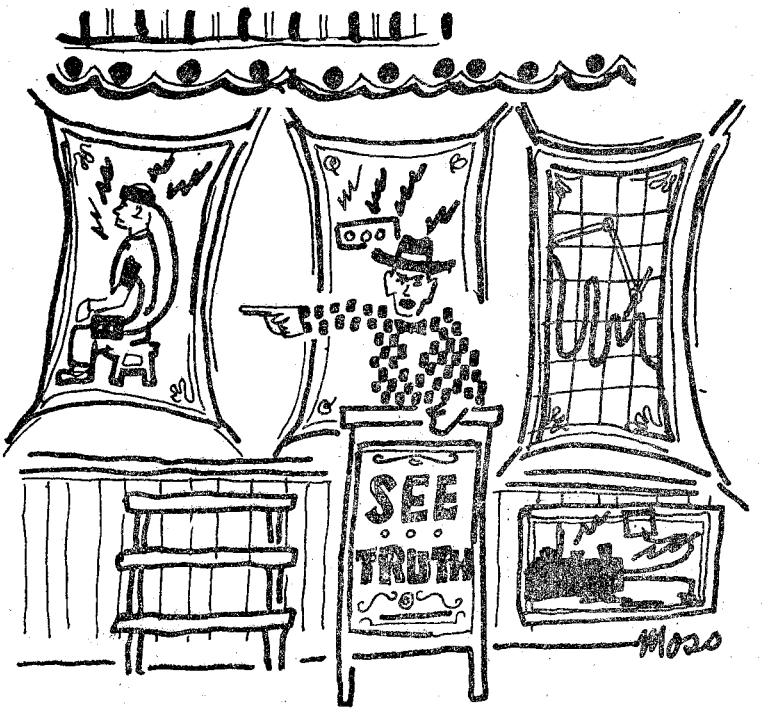
Within the industry, Inbau, Reid and Reid's associate, George Lindberg, prepared a paper for the Moss subcommittee setting their proposed minimum requirements as a college degree, six months' training in use of the polygraph, and then six months' personal supervision of the student as he conducts examinations. These standards, however, did not please Backster, who runs a six-week school. "I don't understand," he said, "by virtue of these standards that are so stipulated how with less than perhaps fifty people who have acquired their training by this method, the other 2,000-some examiners have managed to get along."

At the moment, Backster's standards prevail, particularly in the federal government. A former employee of the CIA, Backster set up its lie-detector program and, as he testified, "on one occasion or another I have been a consultant to most every government agency that is using the polygraph today." Almost half the federal agencies require no further background of a trainee than a high school diploma, and the extent of federal training ranges from the maximum of a seven-week course in the Army to the five- to eight-day course given by the Navy. This sorry record prompted Moss to conclude, "I have a real concern, in fact, a firm conviction, of the complete inadequacy of the training."

An imperfect instrument in the hands of an ill-trained man who believes that both he and the instrument are infallible can lead in only one direction—to the entrapment of the innocent. While polygraph experts like John Reid maintain that they err only in occasionally freeing a guilty man, never in ensnaring an innocent one, the evidence proves otherwise. Even Professor Inbau acknowledged it. "If you get an examiner," he testified, "who will browbeat everybody who takes the test hoping he will get a confession from the guilty ones and be able to report these people are lying, these things can happen."

A year ago, in an article written for the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, Dr. H. B. Dearman, a psychiatrist, and Dr. B. M. Smith, a psychologist, reported a case in which the polygraph had hurt an innocent subject. A young bank vice president, submitting to his firm's semi-annual routine lie-detector examination, failed the question, "Have you ever stolen any money from the bank or its customers?" He was given a test four times, and he failed the question each time. Convinced of the machine's infallibility, thoroughly confused, knowing that he had padded some expense accounts a bit, the young man finally broke down and confessed to the crime. He had stolen $1,000—a figure arrived at through some other questions on the polygraph tests. The bank books were audited. No money was missing. The bank president sent the young man to Dr. Dearman. The psychiatrist discovered that he was disturbed about his feelings toward his wife and mother, both of whom were customers of the bank, and that he felt guilty about some financial transactions with them amounting to approximately $1,000. Dr. Dearman decided that the young man's physiological changes, as recorded by the polygraph, reflected these emotional problems at home.

It is in personnel screening, however, not crime detection, that the



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polygraph can do the most damage. There is absolutely no recourse for a man who has failed a lie-detector test while applying for a job. He has no way of proving that the lie detector—which allegedly measured his future truthfulness and honesty—is wrong. He could do that only by staying truthful and honest on the job. But he has no job. Moreover, his failure on the lie-detector test may be noted in his personnel file and in government dossiers and scar him forever. Representatives of the polygraph industry estimate that lie detectors reject from 25 to 30 per cent of the job applicants who take the examinations. These figures grow starker when the polygraph experts boast that these rejectees probably would have been hired if management had been dumb enough to screen them by the usual technique of interviews and reference checks.

"I would judge or estimate," Cleve Backster testified, "that about one out of every four that would undergo and have gone on the job by virtue of the conventional forms of screening would have disqualified themselves by their own assertions during the polygraph examination."

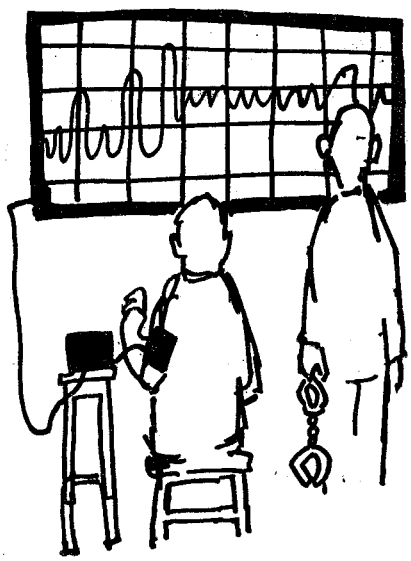
"Does this strike you as a high figure?" asked Rep. Ogden Reid (R., N.Y.).

"I would say initially it struck me as a high figure; yes, sir," Backster replied. "I am not shocked by it any more."

Since personnel screening is not designed to uncover a specific act, but only a tendency to act, polygraph operators can accomplish less and boast more in this field than in any other. The work can be sloppier than usual, the machine can take down less information—no one need know. A trade magazine, *Bus Transportation,* published an article in 1956 entitled, "Electronic Marvel Weeds Out Dishonest and Unfit Applicants," which described a new invention of Cleve Backster's. "With a special machine known as the Backster electronic evaluator it's now possible for a personnel executive to find out, in two hours if necessary, just about everything of importance in the background of a prospective employee," the article said. In its description of the "electronic marvel," the article said it comprised no more than the electrodes that measure the electric currents across the palm of the hand. Even Backster, in his testimony before the Moss subcommittee, acknowledged that this kind of measurement by a galvanometer alone would tell an examiner next to nothing about a subject. In fact, he told the subcommittee, an examiner would have to be at least "partially without sound reasoning" to depend on a galvanometer. Confronted with the *Bus Transportation* article, which he had reprinted and distributed for promotion, Backster said the writer had omitted the fact that his "marvel" measured breathing as well as palm sweating.

"You get these articles," Moss said at the hearings, "that say the scientific wonder, and with it all you have to do is set an employee down and ask him a series of questions and when you are finished you know if he has problems, you know if he is truthful, you know if he is honest, all of these things, you know. The fact is you know nothing. You may have many suspicions, but no more knowledge than when you started. . . . I suspect . . . that this little device has robbed many a person of an opportunity for employment or promotion."

Even harsher criticism of the use of the polygraph in personnel work came from Dr. Kubis, the Fordham psychologist who has spent much of his career experimenting with lie detectors. "The growing use of lie detectors in many vital aspects of our life is unwarranted, dangerous and degrading," Dr. Kubis testified. He condemned the lie detector, when used by inexperienced and unscrupulous men to check employees and prospective employees, as "a blindly probing instrument that can severely damage the inner life and reputation of the person tested."



Certain practices which have nothing to do with the machine itself, but which nevertheless have grown into the polygraph tradition, are distasteful to anyone concerned with the rights of American citizens. Most examination rooms, for example, have two-way mirrors behind which other investigators can watch the proceedings. Many rooms have hidden microphones.

Until very recently, the armed services never told a subject about the mirror and the microphone. One subcommittee witness, Maj. Gen. Ralph J. Roberts, the Army Provost Marshal General, didn't think it was necessary to tell a soldier anything. "It is my experience in thirty-six years in the Army that all of the soldiers that go into CID [Criminal Investigations Detachment] know that they are monitored and Big Brother is watching," he said. Similar testimony came from J. M. Barron of the Office of Naval Intelligence, who told the subcommittee that the Navy doesn't volunteer information about the rights of a citizen to a polygraph subject because "he is an American citizen. He should know." This brought a bristling reply from Congressman Reuss: "I would comment that I think the day will never come when the American citizens, as an incident of their citizenship, have to be aware of the fact that the room is bugged and the mirror is a device to enable Big Brother to see them. . . ." The anger from the Moss subcommittee persuaded Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance to issue a new directive that ordered Pentagon polygraph examiners to tell their subjects of any mirrors and microphones. However, mirrors and mikes would stay.

But even without mirrors and microphones, there is serious question about the constitutionality of any polygraph test. The polygraph industry defends the use of the machine by pointing out that polygraph examinations are not admissible in most courts as evidence and that no one has to take the test if he does not want to. In this way, the industry maintains, the Fifth Amendment is not violated. But Rep. Cornelius E. Gallagher (D., N.J.) questions whether the examination violates the Fourth Amend-

(Continued on page 176)

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Poverty's Second Generation . . Fred W. Lindecke

Now that President Johnson's "War against Poverty" has been passed by Congress, one of the nation's poverty pockets which is waiting to see if the war ever reaches it is the Bootheel of Missouri.

If and when it does come, Mr. Johnson's program will find the southwest tip of Missouri a rugged test of its depth and perserverance. Appalachia got most of the publicity in the campaign to pass the President's bill. The Bootheel promises to be just as tough a nut to crack.

All the present talk about poverty comes many years after the fact, so far as the Bootheel is concerned. The type of people who are poor there now were poor before and during the depression, and have stayed poor through the war-economy boom up to the present. While politicians and economists debate over the proper level of unemployment, farm income or the cost of living, the Bootheel's poor remain unchanged.

The reason is that Missouri's Bootheel is cotton country, and until just a few years ago it was a simple economic fact that a lot of cheap labor—or in other words, poor people—was needed to grow and harvest cotton. Although Bootheel field laborers never made more than a meager living at it, chopping weeds and picking cotton has been their major source of employment. But now up to 80 per cent of the cotton is harvested by mechanical cotton pickers, and farmers are using chemicals and new plowing techniques to control the weeds in the fields. Even flocks of geese, that eat the weeds but not the cotton plants, are used to reduce the need for hand labor. While in many areas automation and technological change have produced "new" poverty, in the Bootheel they come as a final blow on top of "old" poverty.

One point should be made perfectly clear, however. The Bootheel is not an economically depressed area. It contains the richest agricultural counties in Missouri. The state ranks eleventh in cotton production nationally, and the Bootheel grows all of it. Soybeans, wheat, corn and alfalfa also are grown in its deep Mississippi River bottomland soil.

The strong agricultural economy supports active towns with shops, businesses and small manufacturing plants that provide a stable source of nonfarm jobs. But beneath the area's healthy economy is a thick poverty stratum composed of thousands of farm laborers—both black and white—who know nothing but "choppin' and pickin'" cotton or joining migratory crews to harvest fruit and vegetables in other states.

Six counties make up most of the Bootheel — Dunklin, Mississippi, New Madrid, Pemiscot, Scott and Stoddard. The 1960 census showed that all of them have a median family income below the $4,000 set by the Conference on Economic Progress as the minimum required to maintain an adequate standard of living. Five of the six have a median income below the $3,000 set by President Johnson. The census books show that in New Madrid County, 64 per cent of the families have an annual income of less than $3,000. The number of families living on less than $3,000, among the other counties, ranges down to 38 per cent in Scott County. Median family income for farm laborers in the six counties was between a high of $818 in Scott County, down to $693 in Pemiscot County.

State Welfare Department figures show that the Bootheel has more persons picking up federal surplus food than St. Louis and Kansas City combined. Total welfare payments in the six counties were second in the state only to St. Louis in fiscal 1962-63. Summed up, these statistics describe an area where welfare is the largest industry after agriculture. They describe an area where to get on the welfare roles is for many people the highest goal in life.

The poor in the Bootheel are divided into two classes—those who can qualify for welfare benefits and those who struggle along without them. Under Missouri law, only those who are blind, disabled, over 65 or who are dependents of an absent or disabled head of the family can qualify for welfare payments.

Those who can meet these requirements are considered well off among the poor in the Bootheel. "When they decide around here who should get food baskets at Christmas, if someone is on welfare the attitude is to give the food to somebody else because they don't need it as bad," Mrs. David Ragan, assistant director of Delmo Housing Corp., said. Mrs. Ragan and her husband administer Delmo, a Bootheel organization born out of sharecroppers' protests against their treatment during the depression. The church-supported charity organization now looks after about 2,000 low-income persons and welfare recipients.

It is easy to see why the poor of the Bootheel tend to look upon welfare as the answer to all their troubles. Under the Missouri schedule of welfare payments, if a mother with seven children can qualify for aid to dependent children, she can receive $200 a month. This amount coming in every month is more than she could ever hope for if her husband were home and the whole family worked in the fields. Pay for chopping cotton is $5 to $6 a day. Wages for picking cotton are $3 a hundred pounds. Depending on how strong a cotton picker's back is, he can pick up to 300 pounds a day. As an example, if a laborer were to get six weeks' work chopping cotton at $6 a day, and six weeks' work picking cotton at 300 pounds a day, he would make a total of $630. And a cotton picker would try to put his wife and as many of his children who are able in the fields in an effort to multiply this amount by as many times as possible.

But in today's decreasing market for hand labor, that amount of work and pay would be optimum conditions. It used to be that field workers could expect cotton-chopping jobs to be available throughout May and June. When the cotton harvest started in September, there used to be work for them that lasted into December and January. The huge mechanical cotton-picking machines that cost $19,000 each reduce the cotton harvest to six weeks or less. The field laborers are left to glean after the machines, or to work on the few remaining farms which do not use machines. The new weed-control methods are having the same effect on hand labor.

It would be a distortion to picture the field laborers as totally innocent victims of economic oppression. The fact is that they must

Fred W. Lindecke is a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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share part of the responsibility for their plight. Community leaders and public officials who have tried to help them are unanimous in stating that many of them don't want to be helped. Witness some of their statements:

Rev. Ivan Lee LaTurno, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Kennett: "Any person who really wants to work and shows any kind of industrious attitude at all can usually find some kind of steady employment. Some of these people decide that the poorer they get, the more help they are going to get, and they maintain their condition. Unless the help you offer them is an outright gift, they aren't interested."

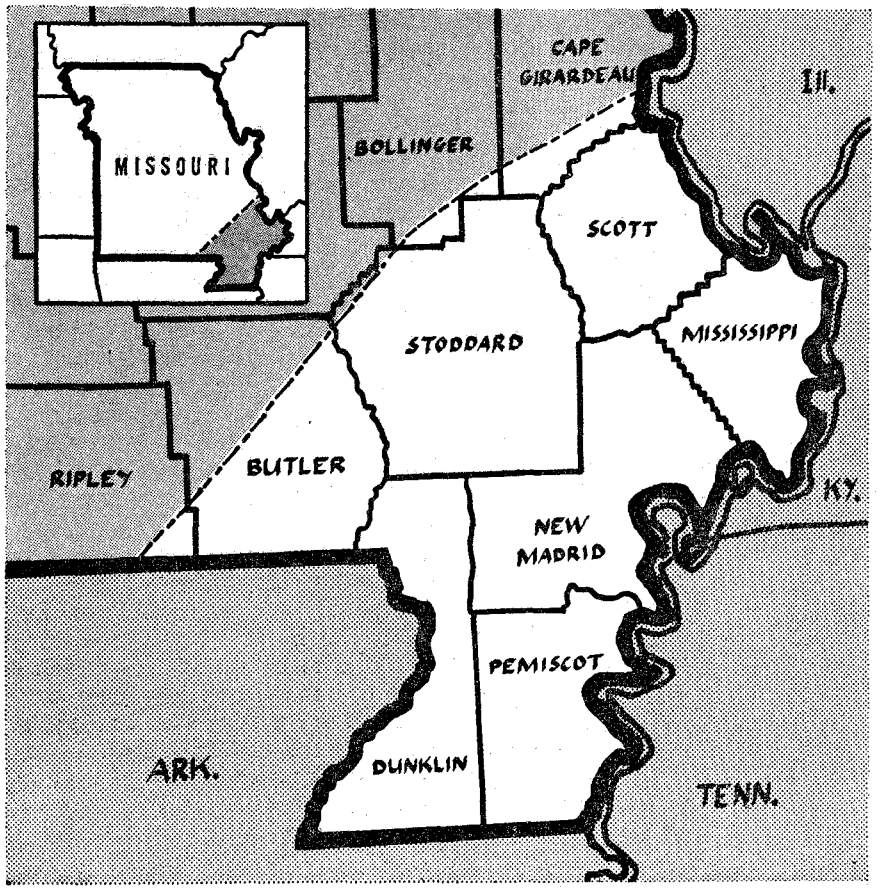
Alva Davault, Superintendent of Schools at Malden: "A big problem is to convince them that they need help. Nothing can be done for them until you encourage them to want to do things for themselves. Even in good times, with high employment over the nation, the Bootheel has had poverty. The fathers of these farm workers were hungry every winter and now they are hungry every winter too."

Jack Schell, of the Kennett state employment office: "I've got jobs to go pick berries for $175 to $200 a month going begging. They don't want to change their pattern of staying here, picking up a few jobs and just trying to get by. They breed this attitude into their children. They feel that if they can't take care of themselves, welfare will help them."

The fact that poverty is so long-standing tends to obstruct action against it from both sides of the fence. The poor show little initiative to break out of it because for generations they have known no other way of life; the nonpoor have become so accustomed to the "Grapes of Wrath" existence of the farm laborers that they accept it as commonplace.

David Ragan, at the Delmo headquarters at Lilbourn, commented on this. There is, he said, "a lack of public arousal" over poverty in the Bootheel. "Some of the people have been seeing poverty so long they don't think they have a problem here. People who have made a success of themselves feel they made it the hard way and the others should too."

The Bootheel has always been a place of economic extremes, with a few very rich, many very poor, and a small group in between. Only recently has a middle class of nonfarm workers begun to develop.



The Bootheel was primarily swampland until the early 1900s, when the Little River Drainage District was started. A network of canals on which improvement continues today drained the delta soil, and residents call the 1 million reclaimed acres the largest land-reclamation project in the United States. The bulk of the work was done in the 1920s, and cotton farmers began moving into the area. At first, the tenant rented land from the owner, and the sharecropper helped the tenant work the land. Each took a third of the crop. Forty acres and a mule used to be the chief production unit in Bootheel cotton farming. But then came the tractor and the small plots were combined into larger and larger farms. Tenant farmers who kept pace by renting more land and investing in more equipment were able to survive. Today the tenant is the principal agricultural production manager in the Bootheel.

The sharecropper was shunted aside. With the end of the 40-acre plots, he was degraded to a farm hand who was paid by the day —when he worked. Most farmers built houses on their land where the laborers lived. The farmers maintained the laborers when they were not working and charged the cost against what they would earn next growing season.

Movement of the workers off the farms took place under a variety of influences. The prospect of higher paying jobs in cities, starting in World War II, induced many to leave the area altogether. With the war economy producing labor shortage, and mechanical equipment reducing the need for year-round hand labor, the workers' houses on the farms emptied and were torn down, and the space they occupied put to cultivation. Some farm workers remained in the area, but moved into cheap, frame housing thrown up on the outskirts of Bootheel towns. Examples of these today are the shack towns outside Hayti and Portageville. Here the workers would join crews which moved from farm to farm wherever there was work.

Through it all, the sharecropper-turned-day-laborer became and has remained the kind of man who is likely to spend whatever he makes as soon as he gets it. He was used to having the farmer look out for him in the lean months, and now may

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depend on federal surplus food or his credit with local merchants to get through the winter.

The answers given most often in the Bootheel to the question of what is needed to reduce poverty are jobs and education. The most sustained effort so far along such lines has been the attempt to bring nonfarm jobs to small Bootheel towns. Each one of them has a local development corporation which has set aside areas for industrial parks and which will build a new factory for a manufacturer. Besides new plant facilities, the Bootheel towns offer to provide nonunion workers at low wages.

Vocational education to train a labor force to man such factories is just getting started. For years the only type of vocational training in Bootheel schools was vocational agriculture—that is, learning how to raise crops and livestock. But under the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962, vocational courses in Malden, Sikeston, Cape Girardeau and Poplar Bluff offer welding, electrical-appliance repair, farm equipment and automobile mechanics, cooking, practical nursing and stenography.

In addition, school superintendent Davault has helped organize the Tri-County Trade School at Malden, which was started three years ago without waiting for the federal government program. The building trades, electrical work, auto mechanics and body and fender work are included in this school. The impetus to start this school came, Davault said, when Malden businessmen tried to attract new industry and the prospects told them: "You don't have anything but cotton choppers down there."

There have also been attempts at combating illiteracy. The Kennett Opportunities Foundation, Inc., started literacy classes last year, and Delmo has sponsored early morning literacy classes over a Cape Girardeau television station.

State welfare offices in the Bootheel have been so overloaded with cases that they have been able to do little more than certify eligibility and send out the checks. But under increased federal allowances for welfare workers, the Dunklin County office at Kennett has started a pilot project to provide enough case workers so that some counseling aimed at solving individual family problems can be undertaken. Other Bootheel welfare offices hope to be included in this program.

But all these programs deal in terms of a few hundred persons, when the real problem is in the thousands. There are built-in barriers in the Bootheel which offer resistance to such efforts at every turn. In the literacy courses, the students hid their books and would not admit they were taking the classes or that they were watching the television classes without participating in the formal instruction. Davault reported that some of those taking the manpower retraining seemed motivated more by the government living allowances attached to the courses than by the instruction. Most of the Bootheel schools still put agriculture ahead of education in that they break up the term for "cotton vacations." This means that they are out of session in May and June and again in September and October. Davault, whose schools are now on an uninterrupted September-to-June term, said the split term is one obstacle in coordinating school districts in vocational education programs.

Vocational education requires a large district from which to draw students and financial support, Davault explained. Most of the Bootheel schools are still segregated, and this also works against combining segregated and nonsegregated districts into vocational education programs. Another factor hindering cooperative efforts, Davault said, is the rivalry among Bootheel towns which have been competing for business and government offices for years.

But the deepest-rooted obstacle to fighting poverty in the Bootheel is the inbred resignation of the day laborers to the hand-to-mouth existence they have known for generations. Reaching these people will tax the ingenuity and resources of the President's "War against Poverty."

A family that welfare director Russell Launius of Dexter went to visit provides a case in point. Sixteen children have been born to the parents, both of whom came from large, farm-laborer families and did not finish grade school. Fourteen children are still alive and ten of them are living with their parents in a broken-down house at Pascola. The father knows nothing but picking cotton, and at the time of Launius' visit he had not worked in five months. He had a job several years ago connecting bottle gas units to homes, but lost it because he couldn't learn to do the work.

The father had been on and off the welfare roles as a disability case, but at present Launius was unable to help the family because the father had been recertified as employable and he had not deserted his wife and children. During the winter the family had lived off federal surplus food, ran up a grocery bill, and was behind in house payments. There was also a mounting bill for the children's school lunches, and there were shoes for only five of the children who were in school. The little ones ran barefoot in the dust of the yard. Only one of the children had gone as far as the eighth grade. The oldest child living at home quit at the seventh grade because he said he had to "help Daddy work."

But there is little or no work for Daddy. Launius said the parents come from a period when there used to be a real need for cotton pickers and when a large family was an asset. But now a large family is just a liability. They will have to struggle along until the father gets old enough or sick enough to qualify for welfare again. Then, with the number of kids they have, the welfare payments will give the family the first security they have ever known.

The only real hope for this family, Launius said, is somehow to reach the children and show them that there is a better way of life. But he added that unless the children can be kept in school, "they're going to wind up just like their father."

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Crusade and After

THE REAL VOICE. By Richard Harris. Macmillan & Co. 245 pp. $4.95.

Elinor Langer

The relationship between the federal government and the pharmaceutical industry is something like that of the indifferent giants on early TV wrestling shows—cries of pain, tortured grimaces, twistings and writhings, but very little hard contact of a sort that punishes either side. The noise was loudest in recent years during the fight for the passage of a new law extending government responsibility for the safety and effectiveness of drugs: the events described in Harris' extraordinary book. This law has added realistic effects, but after Kefauver's bill had been picked over by industry lobbyists and their political allies, what was left was more an accumulation of bureaucratic safeguards than the fundamental alteration in the economic structure of the drug industry which Kefauver had initially hoped to achieve. There was only a minor shift in the balance of power between industry and government.

Still, the importance of the Kefauver investigation cannot be overrated, for he accomplished three very remarkable things. The first was intellectual: he provided leadership for a massive study of something both politicians and academicians had ignored. Much of the iceberg is still submerged, but the twenty-six volumes accumulated during the three-year investigation—almost 13,000 pages of primary evidence about drug prices and drug practices—constitute a virtual encyclopedia of information about the postwar revolution in the drug industry. His second contribution was political: he not only produced some desperately needed changes, but also succeeded in arousing interest in drug problems on Capitol Hill where continuing political pressure has played a key role in forcing implementation of his reforms. Third, Kefauver selected Richard Harris, a *New Yorker* staff writer, to be a kind of royal scribe to the proceedings, and he let him in on secrets perhaps more intimate than any politician has ever shared with a journalist. Harris' subsequent hard work has left us with a book that tells us a great deal, not just about the drug bill, but about the mechanisms and machinations of Congress, and about the uses of power in contemporary America.

Harris divides his story into three parts—the origin of the investigation, the substance of its discoveries, and the hard and dirty fight to make the bill law. The first part is the most romantic: who but a *New Yorker* writer would begin this book with "One rainy, cold morning early in February of 1951, Walton Hamilton, a Washington attorney, awoke in his home in Arlington, Virginia, with a severely inflamed throat," and go on to tell the personal story of the chain of interest in prices of antibiotics that led to the investigation? The second part extracts from the lengthy hearings some of the excesses of the drug industry uncovered by Kefauver's staff. Here the virtues of the *New Yorker* style are limited. Skillful characterizations and passionate exposition of details, however revealing, leave one hungry for the generalization and explanation that the author fails to supply. It is in the third part, about the bill itself, that Harris' talents and his opportunities fuse most strikingly. We always knew that Kefauver was disliked in Washington in general and that he was fought with particular intensity on the drug bill. But it was not known that the opposition was so unscrupulous or that the drug lobby was so closely linked with a quiet anti-Kefauver coalition that included not only Senate colleagues like Eastland and Dirksen, but high representatives of the White House and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The linen was dirtier than almost anyone imagined, and Harris has hung it neatly out.

The pattern of the fight was familiar. In the 30s a bill to strengthen the provisions of the old 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act lay around Congress for four years. Though supported by FDR, the bill was opposed by drug and cosmetic manufacturers who had allies in Congress. In the fall of 1937, 107 people died from a mixture called "Elixir Sulfanilamide," a liquid form of an early wonder drug. A company chemist, urged by the salesman that a liquid form would promote sales, prepared a solvent using diethylene glycol. He tested it for flavor, odor and appearance—but not for safety. When the deaths were traced to the solvent, the chemist committed suicide and Congress passed the bill.

The 1938 law was soon inadequate. The antibiotics discovered during and after the war were followed by the hormone drugs, tranquilizers, antidiabetics and a host of other new therapeutic agents. By the 1950s, drugs were entering the market at the rate of 400 to 500 a year; only 10 per cent of the drugs in use today were available fifteen years ago. There were sensational discoveries, but as many as three out of every four of the new drugs have been estimated to be either superfluous or ineffective; and the effective and the worthless, the miraculous and the sham, were promoted with equal zeal.

While the industry was gaining strength, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), was getting weaker. The agency was inclined to take a passive view of its responsibilities for, like most regulatory bodies, it had developed an affection for the industry it was intended to supervise. A variety of dangerous and venal practices came to be accepted as a matter of course—some merely unnoticed by the agency, some tacitly approved. Federal regulation was a mirage.

This was the situation when Kefauver's staff began to investigate. In 1962, drugs could still be marketed without proof of effectiveness, on the basis of relatively little clinical experience. They could also be advertised and promoted without warnings of anticipated side effects. Furthermore, although drugs to be sold commercially required FDA approval, if FDA did not get around to reviewing an application in a certain number of days, a drug could be marketed by default; other loopholes guaranteed that certain classes of drugs would not be scrutinized at all. If a company wanted to distribute a drug for experimentation on human beings on a precommercial basis, all it had to do was label the product "experimental," and drop FDA a note saying that it had done so. Doctor testimonials could then be used

Elinor Langer writes on politics for Science *magazine.*

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to bring pressure on the FDA to release the drug for sale.

This situation became the source of some extremely lucrative quackery. If I mixed together mustard and chili sauce and claimed it was worth testing as an arthritis cure, I could ship it to friends across the country who in turn could use it on patients. We could not legally "sell" it until it was approved; but we could, for example, set up phony clinics, claim to be supplying the drug to test it out, and be paid for our services, though not for the drug. Since my product would probably not be dangerous, it might eventually have won FDA approval. What was dangerous about the proliferation of crank cures, as has been pointed out many times before and since the Kefauver investigation, is simply that any phony remedy is dangerous if it diverts people's attention and money from legitimate cures.

Not only the quacks profited; many of the mixtures sold by the big drug houses were little better than the concoctions of cranks. But for the big houses the lax system had other profitable angles. The best example was the promotion of thalidomide by the William S. Merrell Company while it was awaiting government approval. The company had in Harris' words "distributed 2,528,412 thalidomide tablets . . . to twelve hundred and sixty-seven doctors who had given them to some twenty thousand patients in containers that bore nothing more than directions for use." Faced with the attendant publicity, Congressional opposition to Kefauver's safety measures ceased. The price cutting provisions had all been gutted before the bill came to the floor. The lesson in American politics is all too clear.

Kefauver's safety provisions included requirements that the companies report their plans for human tests of experimental drugs in advance, and that they permit only qualified experts to conduct the tests. The new law required that the industry supply FDA with proof of the efficacy not only of new drugs, but of drugs placed on the market even before the law was passed. It also contained a number of other provisions strengthening the government's authority over advertising claims and over certain manufacturing practices.

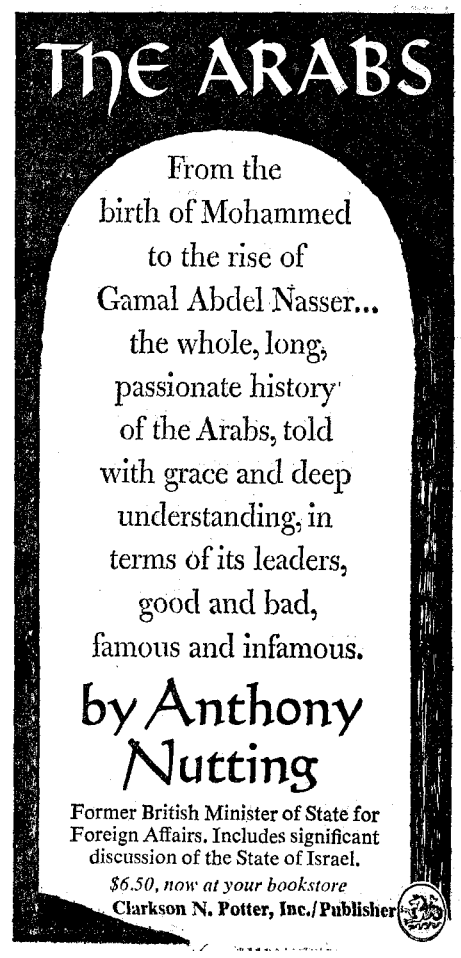
The law continues to be denounced by most of the industry as unnecessary, bureaucratic and costly. A number of its provisions are being contested in court. Physicians, the companies have repeated, would not agree to keeping the mountain of records allegedly required by the law, and many valuable drug testers would be lost to humanity. The expense of the paper work and of the extra animal tests would be astronomical. Profits would be driven down and research would be the first to be sacrificed. In the end, the people would suffer most.

What of their grim predictions? The other day a cartoon by Lichty in *The Washington Post* showed a group of industrialists sitting around a boardroom table listening to their leader declaim: "Hampered by bureaucratic meddling, strangled by government controls, and union wage demands, our net earnings have soared to a new high peak." The drug industry recently announced that its sales had risen to $3.5 billion in 1963. That was a 7 per cent increase over 1962, the last year before the Kefauver terror.

Passage of the bill did not mark a great divide in the practices of the drug industry, but it seems to have emboldened the FDA, and accelerated the rate at which some of the industry's worst abuses are being exposed. But our medicine chests are still far from safe.

The rush to get drugs to the market is responsible for many unsavory routines. Preliminary drug trials frequently fail to uncover toxic or other properties of a drug that later cause anguish to customer and company alike. Sometimes, even when the facts are uncovered, they are quickly suppressed. The most conspicuous villain continues to be the William S. Merrell Company, indicted last winter for making false statements to the FDA about an anti-cholesterol drug called Mer/29 which it promoted for heart disease (despite medical uncertainty about the cholesterol-heart disease link) and which later had to be taken off the market. In filing reports with the FDA, Merrell failed to mention those experiments in which a significant range of changes, from eye difficulties to reduced fertility, had been recorded in rats and monkeys. Merrell pleaded no contest to the charges, and is presently paying an $80,000 fine, in addition to fighting a large number of civil suits resulting from damages caused by the drug—including a number of cataracts. Lest Merrell be thought uniquely deplorable, it should be noted that Wallace & Tiernan, Inc., was indicted recently for failing to report adverse effects (including three deaths) associated with the use of a tranquilizer.

Not only are the results of clinical tests suppressed, they are occasionally even invented. The most prolific inventor in recent years was the young Maryland physician recently convicted for submitting false clinical test reports on several new drugs even though he conducted no such tests. (The fees for his labors are thought to have totaled around $13,000.) It is hardly comforting to note that this man's reports were supposedly reviewed by the scientific chiefs of five major drug companies and by a variety of FDA officials before anyone noticed that his results were consistently improbable. Such truly rigged research appears to be more common among the little fry of the medical establishment than the bigger fry, but top academic specialists are by no means immune. Senator Humphrey, who became Kefauver's unofficial successor, has turned up several examples; and last spring, in talks with doctors from several of the top Eastern medical schools, I was astonished at the number who said, "take my colleague over there, Doctor X. He is not corrupt. But if he can pick up a few thousand dollars by making a few check marks on a sheet of paper supplied by a company and not work very hard, why not? Espe-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cially if the drug is of a class that is generally considered safe. . . ." Some physicians have gone even further. A drug called Orabilex, used as an X-ray medium in gall bladder disorders, was recently withdrawn from the market after being linked with eleven deaths in the Washington area alone. A case study of Orabilex assembled by a House committee indicates that the manufacturing house itself prepared papers which then appeared in medical journals over the doctor's signature. Such reports can then be cited both in the company's presentation to FDA and in its advertisements for the drug. Presumably such papers are a boon to the academic reputation of the physician whose burgeoning list of professional credits is a kind of intellectual payola.

The top levels of industry and the A.M.A. have grown closer in recent years, a cooperation which affects the entire structure of medicine. Harris reports that during the hearings Kefauver pointed out that:

in the early fifties the A.M.A. had begun giving up a number of activities that it had been engaged in for some years. Among them were support of a microbiological laboratory to test new drugs, a seal-of-acceptance program (drug advertising in A.M.A. periodicals was limited to products that had been granted the seal), the inspection of drug plants. . . . In 1953, Kefauver pointed out, the A.M.A. had had a survey made by a private outfit to determine why its advertising revenue had gone up only three per cent in the past seven years, while that of some other journals had increased by nearly half. According to the survey, seventy-one percent of the doctors interviewed felt that the seal of acceptance, for instance, was of great value...but members of the industry had no use for it. Over the next seven years, the A.M.A. had gradually relinquished the policing powers that Kefauver had listed, and in that period its . . . advertising income had risen from three and a half million dollars to eight—more than half the Association's annual earnings from all sources—and the number of advertising pages in the Journal had jumped from 470 to 1,402.

At lower levels, individual physicians are intensively courted by company "detail men" (there is one detail man for every ten practicing physicians), and rely on them for much of their knowledge about drugs. A handful of companies are entirely ethical in their promotion (some even gave Kefauver covert support), just as a handful of thoughtful physicians have been willing to speak out and provide some leadership for the safari through the drug jungle. But in general the amount of independent guidance available to physicians about drugs has been drastically curtailed in recent years. For this reason, doctors are susceptible to irrational attitudes where drugs are concerned, and most companies appear to have few scruples about arousing their partisanship. For a long time, for example, prominent medical researchers have been warning against the overuse of antibiotics. One practice that came in for particular criticism was placing antibiotics in compounds used to treat colds. Last summer an expert panel convoked by FDA to settle the matter reported that antibiotics had been found totally ineffective against colds, and recommended that the preparations be taken off the market. The uproar was about the same as if housewives had suddenly been denied the use of frozen foods. Practicing doctors, abetted by indignant manufacturers and the A.M.A., claimed that they knew what was best for their patients and the preparations are still on the market.

A more serious case is that of the potent antibiotic, Chloromycetin. No Congressional hearing since Kefauver's has failed to dredge up the inane observation which has become the joint motto of industry and the FDA—that all modern drugs are dangerous to some degree, and that if all drugs with serious side effects were taken off the market it would constitute a mammoth raid on the arsenal of medicine. With this proposition no man can reasonably disagree. But the question is whether doctors are subtly being encouraged to prescribe a dangerous drug when such chances need not be taken.

The case of Chloromycetin is a clear example that they are. The drug is thought to be uniquely valuable in treating typhoid and a few other serious diseases. But it has also long been known to produce aplastic anemia, frequently fatal, in a small percentage of its recipients. The wiser voices of medicine have long said that Chloromycetin ought to be restricted to cases where the risk of its use is outweighed by the risk to the patient if no treatment were given. But the manufacturer (Parke-Davis) has made no effort to pass this news on to the doctors, and the drug is still widely prescribed. Right in front of me is an attractive advertisement from a May issue of one of the country's top medical journals. In the foreground a doctor leans on a desk counter in a hospital corridor. Down the hall a small group of interns and nurses appear to be relaxing. The scene is swathed in dusky blue light. It is the end of a long day and a hard fight. The patient will live. Everyone is tired but satisfied. The caption:

CHLOROMYCETIN
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Requiem for God's Gardener

THE FAR FIELD. By Theodore Roethke. Doubleday & Co. 95 pp. $3.50.

Hayden Carruth

During the past year the fashion has been to praise Theodore Roethke to the skies. But what possible good can it do the poor guy now that he's dead and in the ground? He was a marvelous poet and apparently, in some of his moods, a charming, likable person. But he was not a Yeats or a Keats—he was too unsure of himself, technically and emotionally, to write the handful of absolute poems that one needs to enter the first rank—and we do an injustice to his memory and to our own worthiness as memorialists if we say otherwise. It will be better all around if we try instead to see exactly what he was.

This book of his last work helps a good deal. Some of the poems, perhaps fifteen of the whole forty-eight, seem to be unfinished work. At least they contain errors of composition that Roethke almost certainly would have corrected, though since we aren't told how or by whom the book was assembled, conjecture is useless. It is best to disregard these poems. Ten or twelve of the rest are very good Roethke indeed, the equal, or nearly, of anything in his previous work. On every page one finds, as expected, something quite brilliant, even if only a line or a word. The poems are divided about equally among Roethke's three chief modes: the song; the longer poem in loose meters devoted to themes from nature, including human nature; and the denser poem in end-stopped pentameters, usually rhymed and usually philosophical in substance.

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All the poems are about death. This was true of his earlier poems too, of course, the whole body of his work being a repeated failing defense against the fear of dying. But in these last poems the failures come more quickly, more insistently, and the fear deepens into a terrible malady.

Perhaps this is why the failures are so beautiful. In his last years he concentrated every ounce of his lyrical strength on the task of escaping, submerging the self in the universe, silencing the individual voice in the voice of nature. "I long for the imperishable quiet at the heart of form," he wrote, and again: "Being, not doing, is my first joy." "I would be a stream . . . a leaf." "On one side [our side] of silence there is no smile;/But when I breathe with the birds,/The spirit of wrath becomes the spirit of blessing,/And the dead begin from their dark to sing in my sleep." The intention is unmistakable and quite conventional, call it what you will: a Platonism of suburbia, the birdwatcher's transcendentalism; it is easy, too easy, to mock. The fact is that in his best poems about nature Roethke almost brought it off, partly through his verbal and imaginative power, partly through his individual synthesis of disparate pantheistic strains. He took his sources where he found them, Taoism, Amerindian poetry, Mother Goose; mostly he invented them.

A third factor was Roethke's skill as an amateur naturalist. He really was a birdwatcher, an excellent one, and his professional knowledge of flowers began in his father's greenhouses. (Who else would know that tulips "creak"?—yet they do.) In such a poem as "All Morning" he brings together in one catalogue the minute felicities of songbirds, even their cutenesses, the things we deprecate on greeting cards, and does it so unaffectedly that suddenly we realize he has touched the elemental force of the universe. When he writes of nature's larger aspects, such as the movements of waters and mountains, he evokes a sense of the cosmic resistlessness more compelling than that in any other recent poetry I can think of.

Yet these poems fail. They fail in their very brilliance and beauty. They do not do what Roethke wistfully hopes they do. When he says, "I lose and find myself in the long water," or "What does what it should do needs nothing more," these are statements only; highly poetic statements, often successful as such, but they were intended to transcend poetry. They do not. And since their intention is not only their meaning but their function—their place in the poem's completion—they destroy themselves. The individual voice is not silenced, the single consciousness still asserts its claims and fears, its tremulous and eternal devastation. Roethke's voice and consciousness; and ours. In weariness, vexation, and a kind of merriment, he sighs: "Running from God's the longest race of all." Then did he, at the end, return to God, as some reviewers have suggested? Of course he could not. Instead we see him, a huge melancholy man, laughing in shyness, stopping, peering around, continuing again, stumbling, quivering, dancing, crying, singing, up to the cemetery gate. This is his poem. It is the poem par excellence of his generation. And if he did not quite succeed in containing it within any of the individual forms that he titled his poems, it reveals itself clearly enough in the whole. It moves us deeply because Roethke was one of us, and it will continue to do so for a long time because Roethke had the ability to write lines that can be remembered; for example, several that I have quoted in this review, though I did not choose them with this in mind. Memorability isn't the only proof of fine poetry, nor the most important, but it is still rare enough to be distinguished, I think, and pleasing enough to be cherished.

Hayden Carruth is the author of a novel Appendix A *(Macmillan) and several collections of poems, the most recent of which are* The Norfolk Poems *(Prairie Press) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions).*

Echoes of An Evolutionary

THE RADICAL TRADITION. Twelve Essays on Politics, Education, and Literature. By R. H. Tawney. Edited by Rita Hinden. Pantheon Books. 214 pp. $4.95.

Norman Fruchter

Tawney was more Christian than Socialist. He could use a phrase like "the dignity of man" with sincerity and even with passion. His basic theme, set forth historically in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, and ethically in *Equality* and *The Acquisitive Society*, was the loss of the ideals of community, solidarity and purpose under an expanding bourgeoisie's demand for freedom as economic and social individuals. Tawney consistently attacked that new individualism's failure to achieve the freedom it promised. He never romanticized the medieval world order, and he documented, in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, the exhilarating liberation produced by theories of individual rights (which were, basically, property rights) in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But he was consistently critical of the materialist civilizations which vulgarized that individualist protest into bourgeois dogma and capitalist apologia.

Tawney used that partially articulated, superseded ideal of the Christian community to indict the commercial societies for the damage they inflict on human personality and potential. His concern was to analyze the supposedly inviolable individual *rights* as definitions of *privilege* which only some people, possessors of wealth, power or talent, can exercise; to define liberty within capitalist societies as license granted to power; and to insist that freedom, in the non-Socialist West, still means the individual's freedom from government rather than the individual's freedom to realize his full potential. Though Tawney never uses the word, the *alienation* of man's basic nature by his enforced reduction to a tool of production was for him the ultimate moral evil of capitalist society. "Men are not things," could stand as his motto.

The Radical Tradition, a collection and a commemorative volume, offers only a taste of Tawney: the twelve essays vary in subject, length and quality. The first three are brief, very slight evaluations of William Lovett, Robert Owen and John Ruskin. The middle section gathers together four essays on education. One is a short polemic against the predominant middle-class English attitude—quality education for most middle-class children plus a sprinkling of "deserving" lower-class children, and vocational education, busy-work and early leaving for all the rest. Then there is a longer, detailed analysis of the history, social inequity and educational deficiencies of the English public

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school system. Here Tawney is at his best; he begins by arguing that "educational policy is social policy," and marshals history, economy data and social-psychological studies into a precise and indignant analysis of the warped social policy which the public schools define and carry out. The last two essays in this section explain and celebrate the Workers' Educational Association, the experimental, cooperative, adult education society founded in 1903, which has developed flexible, high-quality adult education to a degree unimaginable in the United States. (Though, having taught several WEA classes in England, I wonder if Tawney should not have considered whether the courses had become both a means to acquire the cultural references useful for social mobility, and the techniques necessary for job advancement, rather than an opportunity for exploration and knowledge.)

The third, and longest, section of *The Radical Tradition* is titled "Politics." In both the first essay, "The Conditions of Economic Liberty," and the concluding one, "British Socialism Today," Tawney argues that effective liberty and active democratic control can only be achieved by workers' control through a decentralized, local management of workers, managers and perhaps an occasional owner-manager. (Somehow most of the Labour Party's leadership managed to revere Tawney while withdrawing this central insistence from the party's policy.) The second essay in the "Politics" section is from a Labour Party pamphlet written in 1919, arguing for the nationalization of the coal industry. Tawney separates the irrelevant issue of nationalization (used as a red herring by the Tories in every election) from the basic issue of the structure and quality of public administration. He argues that only if an industry is run as a public service, and organized by the men whose skills are utilized on every level of production and distribution, will public control result in democratic control and a qualitatively richer life for the nation. The longest essay in the book, "Social Democracy in Britain," written as an explication for American readers of English socialism and the institutional changes carried out by the Labour Party up to 1949, is as interesting for its implied comments about American values and institutions as it is for its summary of Labour's program. The latter part of the essay attacks the conservative response to public planning, public control and the extension of communal services—the response which defines a "welfare state" and then mythicizes that state into a totalitarian monster, destructive of individual rights, liberties, singularity and passion. The attack becomes a deft demolition, still applicable to the current arguments of our own Don Quixotes of the Right; the examination and dismissal of F. A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, in mildly piqued and chiding tones, is still enjoyable and pertinent.

The final section, a long essay on "Social History and Literature," exhibits the scholarly, synthesizing, enthusiastic dimensions of Tawney's work. He is lecturing, to the National Book League, on the services and rewards which an adequate preparation in the history of a particular period can bring to that period's literature, and as an example he examines the background of Elizabethan literature. The loving recitation of detail and pattern seems almost an innate quality of a whole school of English social historians, but Tawney's range, sympathy and intelligence place him among the finest.

In spite of such a welcome reminder of Tawney's work (he died in 1962), a few perhaps ungracious reservations seem necessary. First, some minor carping. Tawney never balances his praise of the Labour Party's program and performance with any strictures about its participation in the founding of NATO which cemented the rigidities of the cold war. Surely, from Tawney's position, the inhumanities of the Communist regimes do not excuse collaboration with an institutionally dissimilar but equally damaging liberal totalitarianism. Similarly, Tawney's analysis of the Labour Party's performance tends to gloss over the persistent attempts of the leadership to palliate the financial establishment, as demonstrated by the hopelessly overweighted compensation arrangements with the expropriated railway companies.

And finally, major problems. Tawney's serene faith, both in the inevitable triumph of man's basically decent nature and the institutionalizing of those ideals of community, solidarity and purpose which order his vision, seem irrelevant to contemporary England. Though the editor titles one section "Politics," and Tawney repeatedly offers definitions of politics, there is no real politics, no confrontation of power, and no consideration of the agency of change anywhere in *The Radical Tradition*. Tawney was a social democrat who believed that change in England is evolutionary. He defined revolution as any significant institutional change. Tawney seems not sufficiently to have considered that social institutions change man's "basic nature," that ideals are time-limited, and that the organization and values of an acquisitive, commercial society can erode, perhaps permanently erase, those older Christian ideals that he felt define our highest human possibilities. This volume gives no sense of the sharp conflicts of tradition and generation which seethe in contemporary England, and I wonder what Tawney would make of the current debates over qualitative educational changes, land use, minority culture and the activities of the first teen-age generations that have known only affluence. Despite the extensions of public ownership, and an enlightened policy of communal service, private capital has stayed firmly in control, and a revitalized middle class continues England's rankling class divisions. To these paradoxes, Tawney remained unresponsive. The center of his work was a moral and ethical passion which set a rare, and inspiring, valuation on human life. The transformation of English society, with the goal of achieving that valuation, was for him an act of faith rather than an activity.

Norman Fruchter, author of the novel Coat Upon a Stick *(Simon & Schuster), is an editor of* Studies on the Left.

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LETTER from PRAGUE

Robert Littell

Vinarna Viola, on a good night, is pure Greenwich Village. A year ago this café was pure People's Prague: a combo made up of three middle-aged musicians playing *Tea for Two* on livelier nights. The great change took place on July 22, 1963.

That night, the young people—acting with official permission—took over. They trotted out some reportedly excellent Czech translations of Ferlinghetti, Corso, Yevtushenko, Voznesenski, Langston Hughes, plus the work of several young Czech poets; put some jazz music in the background; and started reading poetry. Since then they have had about 300 poetry nights ("Poezie Allena Ginsberga" ran more than sixty times). Whenever one of the American Beat poets is being read, the house has standing room only.

A recent attraction at Viola has been Ferlinghetti's "Startuji ze San Francisca"—Starting from San Francisco. Two young men (one wearing dark glasses to shade his eyes from a small spotlight) and a girl sit at a table against one wall and read. A tape recording of Ferlinghetti reading Ferlinghetti in English cuts in now and then. The Czechs—young and old but mostly young, wearing tight blue jeans with Levi labels and tight sweaters, sit quietly in the dark room. During the reading, which lasts about an hour, there is no talking, no clinking of the wine glasses which are scattered around the tables. Poetry at the Viola is a very serious business.

The young Czechs have liked the so-called Beats ever since their work first came into the country when the Stalin era was officially ended in 1956. Officially, the Beats are okayed as progressive in the Socialist sense of the word. Privately, "They talk to us," as one of the girls at the Viola said. "In some ways, I think they talk to us more than they do to Americans."

It is difficult to know just how much the Beats talk to the young Czechs. For example, during this particular performance Ferlinghetti read—on tape—one of his dirtier, funnier passages. The American audience responded—again on the tape—warmly and you could hear them laugh after each phrase. But when the Viola reader did the same passage in Czech, there was no laughter. One of the readers explained the silence this way: "Czechs take their poetry very seriously. It's not that they don't understand it. They think that poetry is a very serious business and they think they should sit here with solemn faces. They're just afraid to laugh—afraid it is the wrong thing to do with poetry." This sense of formality lingers elsewhere in Prague, a city of handsome architecture and impersonal spires. At the bottom of one of the hotel menus, there is a small notice in neat type: "Your meal was prepared by Mr. Stefl and his staff."

Don't Ask Me About Classic Philosophy!

My city's ringing in the deep
like a broken guitar —

Statements in newspapers, speeches
at meetings
condemn the oppression of Negroes
and the chairman of our street-committee
declines
to live in the same house
with a gypsy family.

In the magazine Young World
they're laughing at Dior's fashions from Paris
and my friends sneered at me
when I married a truck-driver
for love.

Tell me
why the old women are always gobbling up
left-overs from the plates in snack-bars,
why, still, somewhere, warnings are posted

Do not touch these broken strings . . .

Inka Machulkova

Besides poetry and jazz, the Viola offers small portions of American folk music. A deep-voiced Czech girl, who doesn't understand much English but sings in English anyway, strums a guitar and belts out a few New England specials. A bearded American troubadour invokes the name of Pete Seeger or Woodie Guthrie, then sings a half dozen folk songs. Rock 'n 'roll records fill the gaps between jazz, folk music and poetry.

The Unfinished Event

They caught the fox in irons, its howl
rang
through the night, through the
country —

They caught the fox, and now it is
singing,
it laughs at me,
disguised as the image of love:
domesticated sleeplessness
strolls over the vineyards of Lord . . .

To trespassers the fox sings its
song: "No human thing
is strange to me —

except conscience . . .

this chained necessity
to respect the cage —"

Inka Machulkova

A few young Prague poets, an abstract artist or two, an occasional movie director, can all be seen at the Viola on a night when the rain doesn't keep everyone home. They do what people like that usually do in a café at night—they talk shop. The poets, of course, trade poems and translations of poems. Several were given to me by Inka Machulkova, a 30-year-old girl who had a letter from Gregory Corso in her pocket. She published her first volume last December; of the two poems included here, the one at left has been published in Czechoslovakia.

Another landmark in the loosening up of Czechoslovakia's cultural situation was the official "rehabilitation" of Kafka last June, when a large exhibition of documents and photographs pertaining to the author opened in Prague. But there has been cultural backlash too. At a conference last summer, some of Prague's literary people took their predecessors to task for supporting the Communist Party during the Stalin period. The next day, *Rudé Právo*, the country's leading newspaper, came down hard on those people. It accused them of a "non-historical, subjectivist spirit,"

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and maintained that they had raised the issue of the Stalin period in order to talk, however obliquely, about the cultural policy of the Communist Party today. "It" (meaning the criticism) "is in fact aimed at the present," said the editors of *Rudé Právo*.

And yet many of the young people I've met here believe firmly in socialism. On any one of the Vltava River swimming barges, for example, you can find dozens of teen-agers who don't like President Novotny. "He is stupid," one young girl said. "What they tell him to do in Moscow, he does," another said. The youngsters complain about the police with a phrase that sounds familiar to American ears ("club happy") and dismiss propaganda with a wave of their hand. But all these problems, they say, are just the "growing pains" of socialism.

One young boy, whose father died in a political prison during the Stalin era, put it this way: "If Marx could see socialism now, he would turn over in his grave." He believes that socialism had it all over capitalism as an economic system, and that the bad experience of the Eastern European countries did not discredit socialism per se. But he hadn't made up his mind whether or not to become a member of the Communist Party when he reached the joining age. "If it is the way it is now, I won't join." "The trouble," one girl said, "is that our rulers are all old—too old."

Robert Littell is a young writer formerly on the staff of Newsweek; *he is now abroad collecting material for a book about European youth.*

A Feast of Astonishments

Faubion Bowers

Avant-garde music has been sputtering its way into general notice for several years now, but beginning on August 30, a quiet, off-guard Sunday evening in summer-deserted New York, and continuing through September 13, there was assembled the mightiest gathering to date of the arcane and outrageous clan. At the respectable, though miniature (280 seat) Judson Hall facing the feet of Carnegie Hall on 57th Street—a concert room normally devoted to modest debuts or intimate lieder and chamber-type music—noise and music, chord and discord, sanity and insanity were unhitched from their posts of decorum. The occasion was titled "second annual new york festival of the avant garde," promoted by the indefatigably progressive concert manager mr. norman seaman.

For those who have not been so apprised, *avant-garde* music is more than new instruments, new sounds, new musical vocabularies and resources. Let me say, better, what it is *not*. It is not the natural emergence rising foamily from the waves of music's past, nor has it the new wave's thicker harmonies, finer rhythms or more microtonic melodies. It is, to borrow an inevitable term from wrestling—and certainly its audiences are forced to grapple as never before—a no-holds-barred, free-for-all break with the past. Put another way, it is, like it or not, a plunge into the future. If you scoff at such a thought, perhaps the fact that on opening night you *could* buy a seat at the door, and for the rest of the fortnight, could *not*, may give you pause. Further, hundreds were turned away on the night when the veteran master Edgar Varèse had a program given over to him alone. Right now it also seems safe to say that for approximately every twenty opponents of the new music you run into, there'll be one proponent—like me.

The hard core of the audience during the festival was serious but happy. There was a preponderance of fellow musicians, who came to hear themselves and/or keep an ear on what their friends and enemies were doing. It was pleasant to observe old-timer Lukas Foss applauding newcomer Morton Feldman's *King of Denmark*. This, a masterpiece of pianissimo, performed by super-cussionist Max Neuhaus, demanded finger-tip glissandi on a xylophone, thumb strokes of dulcet, barely tinkling bells, and fluttering, flat hand swipes on a variety of known and unknown, recognizable and obscure instruments of percussion. So inaudible and yet, incredibly, charming was this bit of rococo affectation that the slightest noise from the audience was a cruelty. Generous too was composer and

Faubion Bowers, a free-lance critic of music, dance and drama, is completing a biography of Scriabin.

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sound engineer Malcolm Goldstein. When an exasperated critic exclaimed in the back row against John Cage's *26'1.1499* for lasting 41'2.0001, and being tediously impeded by the cellist's chores of putting down the bow to reach for a razzer, or blank pistol, or balloon pricker, Mr. Goldstein gently justified that "each sound has a life of its own . . . let it live it," or words to that effect.

Composers were not the whole of the audience. On nights when "ensemble concerts" required their on-stage presence in tens and twenties, there was still scarcely an empty seat. A miscellany of gilded youth also formed part of the audience of steadies, and became familiar faces night after night. These came for kicks, and got them, as well as an occasional slap in the face. Many of the audience were youngsters carrying Ovid or Kafka's *Trial*, and looked in on the wing—catching up with the latest doings in New York, before going back to variously distant universities.

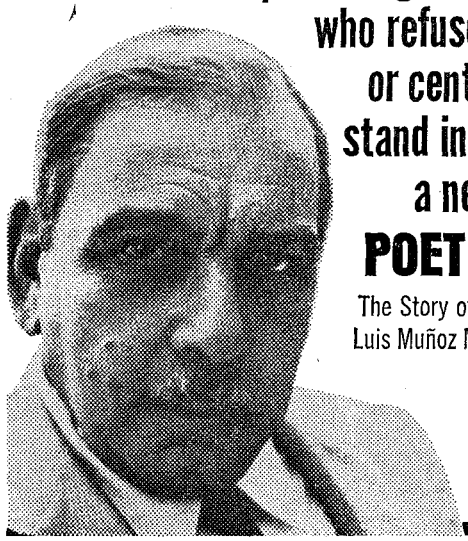
Two "numbers" were selected as indispensable for every concert. First was the *Entrance/Exit Music* by George Brecht, playable forwards or backwards on electronic tape, and "realized" by the pianist James Tenney. It set the mood of the concert by beginning as faint applause, then the sound, amplified by two speakers, turned into a faint roar of the sea, and these gray tones blurred into a repetitive staccato like a traffic continuum. Gradually the lights dimmed as the sound got louder, and became as nerve-racking as a stuck siren.

The second "regular" of each program was dubbed "Robot Opera," a life-size contraption of wires, light bulbs, rear-view mirror, toy fan (for bellybutton), erector set head and broil-a-foil cap, flailing arms and twirling breast cups. Actually, "she" is a robot, although periodically the voice of the late President Kennedy issued from her inner record player. Friends of the creator, Nam June Paik, a life-blood member of the *avant-garde* festival as manipulator, composer, performer and presence, would ask how "she" was. "Is she well again?" one said in reference to a breakdown the night before during which Mr. Paik had bemoaned, "She's all right at home . . ." and friends had suggested stage fright as the reason for her balking in public. Mr. Paik, the concert throwaways disclosed, aims to play the *Moonlight Sonata* on the moon in 1970, and earns his livelihood by making robots and automatons—"Your Barry, Your Malcolm X, quasi-real, life-size, and less terrible. . . ."

With the two opening numbers safe to one side each night, programs proper began. Of the total number of a half hundred pieces presented, written or fabricated by the same number of composers, only part of *avant-garde* work was represented. Certain omissions were noteworthy—Nono, Boulez, Wuorinen (are they already too old-fashioned?)—but still there were Ichiyanagi of Japan, Xenakis of Greece, Pousseur of France, Berio of Italy; America and Americans were all over the place. From here you may choose what you like.

Following are some examples of the really outlandish. The program one night promised some "Maneuvers for Small Hands" by Robert Ashley, but Mr. Ashley, a most harmless-looking man of average height, average face, and average dark glasses, substituted his *magnum opus*, "Wolfman," instead. He stood solidly motionless for twenty stolid minutes whistling, shouting, screaming, humming, blowing and blasting away at a microphone which, naturally, veered off into its own realm of harmonics, squeaks and piercing rasps. This virtuoso solo was accompanied, appropriately, by an over-amplified tape recording of a boiler factory at peak work pitch (or was it an iron foundry?). The audience really feared its eardrums would burst. Howard Klein of *The New York Times*, one of few sturdy enough to remain through the excruciation, passed the time by counting exiters—seventeen in all. Most of the rest of the audience covered their ears or crouched as if waiting for the bomb to hit. A few nonchalantly made conversation with one another and pretended that all was normal. When the performance ended, one wise man in the front row shouted *"assassino."* Others also, flabbergasted by the horror, cried out humorously, "Encore!" Not even Mr. Ashley could have survived a repetition.

Another piece on another occasion, called ironically, *Per Arco*, composed by Guisseppe Chiari, was performed by the pretty, capable co-sponsor of the festival, cellist Charlotte Moorman. Political overtones are never long absent from the *avant-garde*. This piece began with an actual tape of a bombing by Germans of Italian soil. The lovely cellist, bare-shouldered and evening-frocked, sat motionless, her long and slender white arms wrapped gracefully around the cello, her head lowered as if prayerfully committed to the horror of war and in memoriam to the dead. The tape ceases; her performance begins. The bridge of the cello has a mike attached to it, so when she, bowless, squeezes the strings at the neck, a shriek of grating noise assails the ears. She runs her hands over the wood of the cello's body and rubs the varnish. It crackles noisily. The sound scrapes and scratches the air. During the applause at the end, one of Miss Moorman's fans, sitting behind me, said, "She makes it so sensual. . . . Last



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year at Palermo they made it sound like plants growing up out of the ravaged earth. . . ." More political, you see. After the bombing, renewal. Miss Moorman, apparently, made it apolitical, you see? After the bombing, soldiers and sex.

The astonishments continued. In one of Mr. Paik's "realizations"—this time of a Karlheinz Stockhausen piece called "Plus-Minus"—he stomps a bunch of bananas, and burns the edge of the grand piano. But a lot was memorable for more than shock. For instance, one piece (by Joe Jones) was a mechanism of little toys running around the auditorium on a wire in the darkness. Sporadic clicks and cicadalike sounds filled the air, delicately, and quickly were over and gone, leaving a wraith of charm. Gordon Mumma showed that he can make a French horn do anything—trill, quiver, blast, pop, sputter and splutter, simulate a gas leak or an ambulance siren, and even the rich bell tones of a French horn in master hands. Christian Wolff, a teacher of Greek and Latin at Harvard, distinguished himself with two pieces, one for French horn, and the other a *Septet* of utterly disparate, dissociated instruments whose spurts of sonorities cohered in such unlikely directions and clusters that a unique sweetness developed.

The festival's climax, was the first American performance of a play, *Originale*, the latest work of Karlheinz Stockhausen, the *avant-garde homme terrible* of music. His friends in the audience pronounce his name like "K'heinz" and, judging from gossip overheard, he has a bad disposition. One person quoted him as saying not long ago to Mr. Paik who was realizing his *Plus-Minus*, "Oh, I make good music . . . not important if I understand it. . . ." On second thoughts, such a remark could be taken as supreme modesty.

The opening of Stockhausen's play on September 8 was picketed, as was his appearance last April to perform his *Refrain* for the Composer's Showcase at Town Hall. One group against Stockhausen is the AACI or "Action Against Cultural Imperialism." They are also against "the rich U.S. cretins Bernstein and Goodman." Their aim is to promote jazz ("black music") and not to produce more art ("there is too much already"). They also gun for Stockhausen's "white music." Their antipathy is shared, perhaps for political or geographical reasons, by a number of American intellectuals who have volunteered a kind of "spurn K'heinz movement." After *Originale* they may think they have extra ammunition, but they don't. It's a knockout of a score, and a whopperoo of *blague* to boot. He rises in the estimation, for courage if nothing else.

Here are how some of the seven structures and eighteen scenes of *Originale* go. First, as you walk into the hall, you notice that the stage is chaired and the auditorium partly cleared. The seats in the acting arena are back to back. The décor consists of suspended goldfish bowls, a chicken coop, bird cages, white Easter lilies in a grand piano, and an enormously high, pipe scaffolding striped with tin foil, an empty beer bottle, and a closed TV circuit which constantly monitors the audience. A movie screen stands off to one corner wall.

The score, *Kontakte*, is Stockhausen's percussive best. It is loud and brassy, intricate and involuted and its "contact" communicates instantly the brass gong sounds. Max Neuhaus, who performs with zeal and passion, bangs cymbals, wooden logs, clappers, temple bells and drums (magnified up to, but not beyond, the distortion or discomfort point) against an electronic tape. A little child begins building a block house. Two models change clothes, stripping down to scant panties and half-moon bras. Max Neuhaus, himself, strips in slow motion, handing his discarded clothes to a waiting lady motorcyclist (garbed chastely in leather), down to his briefs. Then, pause, he puts on a pair of red tights and performs the rest of the score, hairy, bare-chested. Miss Moorman, the cellist, strips off-stage, and returns wrapped in white gauze but startlingly nude. The sound technicians duel with radio antennae. A German war helmet is conspicuous on top of the lighting apparatus. The pianist streaks his face with heavy make-up and dons a bearskin, bunny-eared cap. Somebody reads Greek. Others read translations of Cato and Catullus. Everything goes on at once. Meanwhile, newspapers quoting Goldwater on Johnson and Johnson on himself filter through the din. An "actor" introduces a theological question while climbing the scaffolding: "Of the four evangelists who were there at the crucifixion, only one said he was saved?" A boy with an ax tries to kill the chickens. Conductor Alvin Lucier, *avant-garde* musician from Brandeis University, leads a group in laughs, syllables, murmurs and shouts. Miss Moorman plays a passage of music (Bach?), legs suspended over the balcony. Mr. Paik, apparently a friend of Stockhausen and, for whom this part was written, smears himself with whipped cream from a spray can, douses himself with rice, and after reading syllables and weeping, plunges himself, fully clothed, into a waiting tub of water. He then gargles water from his shoe. For all these pains, Mr. Paik is applauded resoundingly. Why? Because they are indeed pains, and he performs with an amazing sincerity —as if it mattered that it, his will, be done. The music here is radio static.

The Sky Is Blue

Put things in their place,
my mother shouts. I am looking
out the window, my plastic soldier
at my feet. The sky is blue
and empty. In it floats
the roof across the street.
What place, I ask her.

David Ignatow

Figures of the Human

My love, pills in her purse,
runs, now staggering, now flushed,
her speech racing near the world:
whisper talk to it, dangling,
"Let creatures ride her, soften hard bumps
for them." Who warns her from self,
racing, singing, lightfooted?
Birds, dogs, cats screech, bark, mew,
conversant with air.

Raise her from swooning,
the childhood spirit. Catch her
skittering, mewing with joy, barking delirium.
Then are we loved, hand drawing swiftly
figures of the human struggling awake.

David Ignatow

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In all this ninety-four-minute, eighteen-actor, hundred-propertied performance, so unstructured and disruptive to human reason, the climax comes when a chimpanzee is allowed to play percussion, while two German shepherd dogs (politics, you see?) wander up and down, and apples are thrown to, at, by, with, from and between the audience and performers. The end of *Orignale* comes with a surrealist (pardon the old-fashioned word) movie of cartoons and the Royal Family photographed upside down. The performers fall asleep, are sprinkled with shredded newspapers, and the performance closes, strangely quiet. There is no doubt about it, pleasant or unpleasant, it is a startling evening in the theatre (?!); and the meaning is a photostatic X ray of Mr. Stockhausen's subconscious.

Like many another predecessor-composer, whose personality was abominable and whose music intolerable to contemporaries, K'heinz, if one may call him so, is a powerful force. All the picketing in town cannot impale him. He is astonishing, and through his sometimes crazy nonsense rides a sobriety of purpose and seriousness of sound effects that is not only advanced but advancing. Due to the festival of *avant-garde* music we now know the latest goings on, and how far. A jolly good time was had by some.

FILMS

SECOND FESTIVAL

The Second New York Film Festival, which again occupies Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center, is rousing comment and raising eyebrows. The burden of the criticism seems to be that this is not a cultural event, but the opening whistle for a new commercial season. I'm sure that's so, but I'm not sure it is so bad a thing. Commercially motivated or not, the festival sets a level and the level is surprisingly high. (Imagine what a compressed preview of the coming Broadway season would look like.) Further, it is at least probable that the establishment tone of the New York Festival (did anyone expect aesthetic subversion at the Rockefeller fairgrounds?) will call forth a rival program from the *refusées*.

The Festival opened with Grigori Kozintsev's *Hamlet*, billed as being "from" the play by William Shakespeare. That signals hanky-panky with the text, but in fact Mr. Kozintsev has not trifled much more than did Olivier and not as much as Orson Welles. The tone, however, may unsettle viewers raised on the play. Mr. Kozintsev goes at *Hamlet* in much the way that Cecil B. De Mille used to go at the Old Testament. Waves crash and gulls scream among the rocks that hold up the ancient castle (a real castle somewhere in the Crimea); desperate horsemen, capes flying, hurtle across the drawbridge; Hamlet lays violent hands on Ophelia, the troops of Fortinbras—artillery, cavalry, pikemen in their hundreds—are spread for miles in tortuous progress along the bleak Danish shore. Clearly, this director sees the play as costume melodrama, and clearly he makes his point.

Of course, he pays a price. Young Hamlet as the focus of a murderous game of double cross (and how this production revels in spying and eavesdropping and hiding behind arrases!) is not the multivalent character that has worked on our imaginations for 300 years. The film omits the scene wherein Hamlet comes upon Claudius at his prayers; in the present context, it would be hard to justify his passing up so apt a chance at regicide.

The picture would have been even more disconcerting a decade ago, when brooding Hamlets were still in vogue. Contemporary productions have made more evident the mortal struggle between king and prince that begins in the first passage between them. But it is a duel of wits and scruples as well as stratagems and Mr. Kozintsev reduces it to cat and mouse in a Cossack redoubt. Most distressingly, he deprives Hamlet of his levity; this is a slow boy, and a Hamlet whose sword flashes but whose tongue does not is short of the role.

One can learn, though, from any responsible production of *Hamlet* and this film is instructive. In the first place, it reminds us that the events of the tragedy take place in a royal court, a place alive with courtiers and men-at-arms, ladies in waiting, stable boys, fishwives and mountebanks. Too often our productions give the impression that Hamlet, Claudius, Ophelia and the rest are rattling around in a large and empty palace. It gives the play an unintended modern neuroticism, something out of Cocteau.

More important, Mr. Kozintsev has cast his play deep. I have seen better Hamlets; Innokenti Smoktunovski has a used-up actor's face and an idolence that seems countered by the jerk of directorial strings. But I have never seen as good an Osric—a fop, indeed, but a malevolent, dangerous one. Similarly, Claudius is a man capable of seizing his moment and Gertrude is a woman of quality, but fatally open to being mastered. From these two I learned more than I had known before about the character of the old Hamlet. The other actors are all encouraged to express the individuality that lies in Shakespeare's text, but is too often overlooked in a fixation on the problems of the title role.

There is no excuse for allowing Laertes to break down the door of the king's chamber with a length of timber (it is pure sensation), and there is no excuse for having Hamlet die, alone except for Horatio, on a

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cliff overlooking the sea (it is pure sentimentality, and it hopelessly confuses Fortinbras' closing ministrations). But the picture shakes *Hamlet* loose from practices that have almost inevitably blurred the text in 300 years of adulation.

The Japanese director, Hiroshi Teshigahara, whose *Woman in the Dunes* was the second film of the festival that I saw, is an up-to-date man: he knows that the pendulum of our contemporary psyche swings icily between absurdity and horror, and he knows the uses of allegory to lend dignity to our brief crawl (though in this case the allegory is a little too pat to have much dignity in itself).

What makes his picture absorbing is the ingenuity with which, having chosen an adamantly uncinematic story, he contrives to keep it photographically alive. A young entomologist, bug collecting in an area of dunes that roll back endlessly from the sea, is benighted and offered lodging by some natives of the place. They coax him to descend a rope ladder to a house deep in a sand pit, they raise the ladder and he is trapped. The owner of the house is a widow (called "old woman" by the others, but she is certainly not that) who must spend her nights shoveling sand to prevent her home from being inundated and so that the men on top will throw her the provisions for sustaining life. They sell the sand, and why they should collect it in this bizarre manner, when it lies for miles around them, is a puzzle; but no matter, we are dealing only with the manner of reality, not with its content.

Her trapped "helper" (there are frequent shots of bugs impaled on pins) struggles and schemes, throws himself desperately against the crumbling walls, turns violent, turns crafty, turns docile. But twist how he may, he is caught in the relentless tedium of shoveling sand for other men to cart away. Then comes the day when escape is suddenly possible—he decides to stay a while longer. It seems that he has made an interesting discovery about the habits of water precipitation, and he is loath to abandon so attractive a hobby.

Well and good—man is an ant in the desert. His destiny is to fall into a pit with an ant of opposite sex, there to bluster and struggle, hit out and copulate, cry that he is no insect but a human being properly registered with the omniscient authorities. Nevertheless, he will do the digging and come in the end to kiss the spade.

In our day this is philosophic doggerel, but the miracle is that Mr. Teshigahara almost gets away with it by the wiliness of his camera. He is helped, of course, by the Japanese architectural genius for wood. The ramshackle, slowly collapsing house is a magic box of startling angles, intriguing textures and stimulating frames for action. And the sand, which he uses with small regard for its natural behavior, creeps and floods, rages and insinuates, peels and crumples. It is sand with volition—a substance of authentic horror.

Mr. Teshigahara mixes styles with the same insouciance that he manipulates sand. The basic manner is hyper-realism, as much respect being shown to the patina on an old tea kettle as to the expression of the hero's face in agony. But into this the director injects a crowd of villagers who dress and behave like figures out of Commedia dell'Arte, and he stages one cliff-side Saturnalia, complete with drums, grotesque masks, flaring lights and leering obscenity. The man and woman are to couple in full view of this audience, and in return he will be permitted ten minutes out of his sand dungeon. I don't know what the scene is intended to add to the action or the message; cinematically, however, it is a rouser.

In sum, Mr. Teshigahara has made a camera tour de force. If you throw away all that man-is-an-insect chic pessimism, there remains a duel between house and sand. It is throwing away too much, but the duel itself is a memorable performance. That house, crouched in the pit like a crippled spider, is the stuff of nightmare: the story is the trappings.

ROBERT HATCH

(Continued from page 162)

ment protection against unreasonable search and seizure: "Is not the Fourth Amendment violated if a condition precedent to employment is the subjection of a polygraph test, a test that seeks in some instances . . . to determine not only the veracity but to probe the very thought process of an individual?"

Dr. Dearman, the psychiatrist who handled the case of the harassed bank vice president, agrees with Representative Gallagher that the Fourth Amendment is violated, but adds that the Fifth Amendment is violated as well. "I am aware," he said in a letter to Congressman Moss, "that proponents of the use of the polygraph fall back on the statement that no one is forced to take a polygraph test. . . . However, this is of little or no avail because the examinee does not realize that not only will his conscious thoughts and his autonomic responses to them be recorded but his unconscious thoughts will also be delved into and consequently he will give autonomic responses to . . . thoughts of which he is totally unaware. . . . It is my opinion that the polygraph is used mainly as a mental blackjack to obtain a confession."

Whether unconstitutional or not, the polygraph is certainly unjust, imperfect and dangerous. It may have some value in the hands of a highly trained and competent criminal investigator who is seeking leads, but that is the limit of its usefulness. Even there, its scientific validity is so far from perfect and its potential for harm so great that any citizen—no matter how secure in his innocence—is well advised to refuse the test. As a personnel screening device, it can produce nothing but harm (and profits for polygraphists) and Congress should demand the end of its use in federal government personnel offices immediately and should exert all its pressure to persuade private firms to discontinue it. If necessary, it should pass legislation to that end.

The polygraph is a pernicious instrument that has been seized upon by a society obsessed with gadgetry. It should be relegated to a Smithsonian Institution exhibit case as a monument to an American craze.

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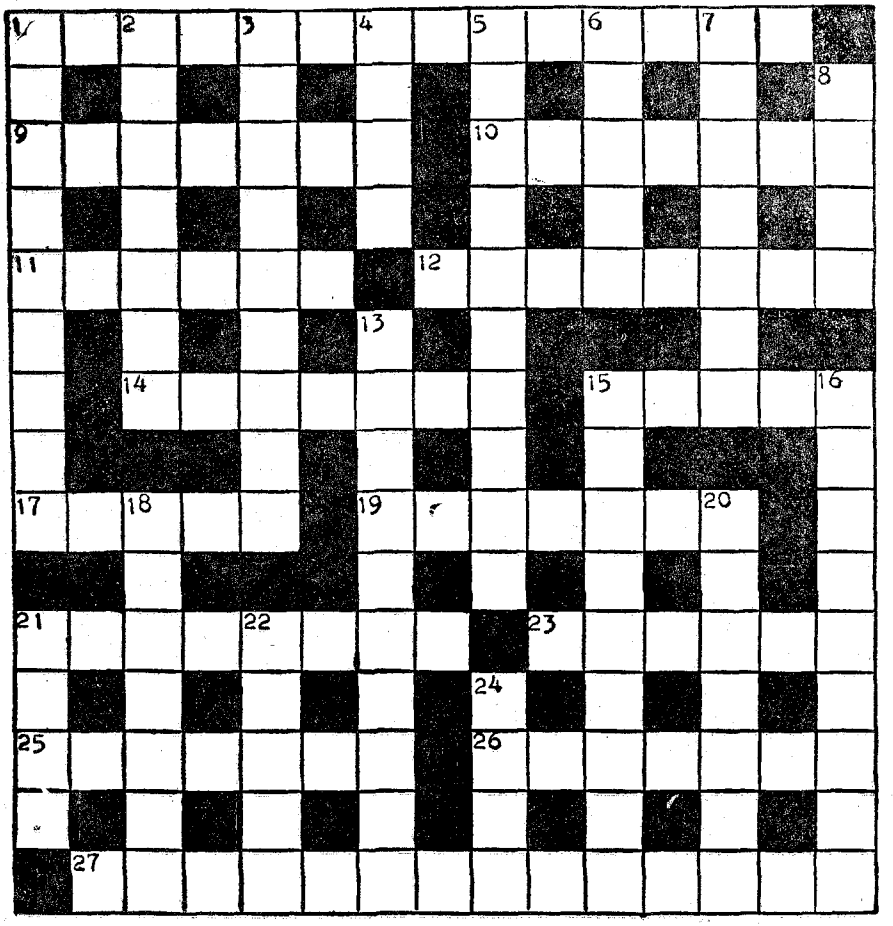

ACROSS:

1 Perhaps bloomers, when a pair is being hitched up. (6, 8)
9 To get at it in a difficult position, you have to have the proper spirit.
10 One who's learning how to hang a peg around the shower. (7)
11 Down in the middle of something, it should be. (6)
12 To applaud the catcher would be pretentious. (8)
14 and 21 down It caused a certain amount of literary accusation. (7, 4)
19 Gambit that theater folk might take notice of. (7)
21 One is probably not looking forward to 1 across. (8)
23 How many men are supposed to be good and true? (6)
25 Gray, at least, considered it fair.
26 They're associated with one of our southern states, though they might be closer around the European capital. (7)
27 Speech is not recognized, evidently, but we don't like to see a letter so stamped. (7, 7)

DOWN:

1 How pets might be made to show the wrong foot in front? (3, 2, 4)
2 It would be surprising if one did!
3 How to bend the joints with the feet clung awkwardly together.
4 Stand like an animal? (4)
5 Surpasses lost causes, possibly.
6 In short, 25 has a current relation with a worthless one. (5)
7 and 15 across Coal tars, for example? They dissolve in water. (7, 5)
8 and 17 across Designate again, as one might gather the salient feature. (9)
13 Set for self arrangement, making it easy. (10)
15 It might imply a certain loss of craft. (9)
16 Author of "The Last Evensong."
18 It's not well to sound one's horn, being something other than a traditional do-gooder. (3, 4)
20 He makes one's goal lie in a different direction, though he made us more far-seeing. (7)
22 The mistake of one who might prepare chicken for canning? (5)
24 Hardly a sure cure, if you get sort of tan. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1072

ACROSS: 1 Side street; 6 Boom; 10 Coverts; 11 Oil well; 12 Nine; 13 Omniscient; 15 Carboys; 16 and 19 Take for granted; 17 Ironing; 20 Osceola; 22 Deprecator; 23 Beat; 25 Overact; 26 Shellac; 27 Dose; 28 Adam's apple. DOWN: 1 Second childhood; 2 Diviner; 3 Sort; 4 Resumes; 5 Egotist; 7 Oneself; 8 Military attache; 9 Place kick; 14 Policeman; 18 Oppress; 20 Opossum; 21 Overlap; 24 Beta.

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